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THE FALL of the Chautemps Cabinet in France had more than ordinary significance. Usually a French government resigns because of an adverse vote in the Chamber of Deputies or because of a shift in party alignments, but Premier Chautemps was forced out by the rising tide of popular unrest. Unstable employment, the high cost of living, the hardships of the peasants, the stubborn refusal of the government bureaucracy to submit to salary cuts, the fear of further devaluation of the franc, the succession of financial scandals involving public officials, and many similar factors have caused a wave of protest and revolt such as France has not experienced in years. A good many foreign observers in France think that the country is on the verge of a dictatorship. Indeed, all sections of the French press are either openly predicting a "government of vigorous action" or are clamoring for such a government. In view of these developments it seems incongruous that Edouard Daladier should again be intrusted with the premiership. He tackled the same political and economic problems only a few months ago, with virtually the same party support in the

Chamber that he is now depending on and with virtually the same sort of Cabinet, but without success. Daladier seems destined merely to hold the fort until the "government of vigorous action" can be found. One cannot, however, have a dictatorship without a dictator, and no strong man has yet come forward in France.

SO RAPIDLY are events moving in the Far East that one has difficulty in recording them, to say nothing of attempting to evaluate or understand them. The Japanese Minister of the Navy, Admiral Osumi, has announced that whatever happens to the 1935 naval conference Japan intends to build a fleet exceeding the limits laid down in the Washington and London treaties. From Norfolk, Virginia, comes the report that 45,000 tons of Chilean nitrates have been landed there, most of it destined for Russia and Japan. In the Pacific, off the Hawaiian Islands, American air squadrons have been carrying out secret flying tests and "advanced-base operations." In Moscow the president of the Supreme Economic Council has reported that the Soviet Union produced "many more tanks, cannons, and machine-guns in 1933 than in 1932," while the Commissar for War, in a fiery speech warning Japan to keep its hands off Russia, has declared that the Red Army is now more thoroughly mechanized than most of the forces of Western Europe. Meanwhile the Japanese War and Navy departments announced that they were planning to recruit 80,000 young men from impoverished farming villages to work in the munitions factories. Washington dispatches a day or two earlier declared that "the greatest peace-time navy in the country's history was voted today by the House in passing the Vinson Naval Replacement bill. . . . The measure went through without a record vote." Another dispatch from the same city quoted an admiral, a member of the General Board of the navy, as having accused the British and Japanese of promoting anti-preparedness propaganda in the United States. And from Manchuria come reports that Japanese troops are again pursuing "bandits" along the Siberian border, just beyond which the Soviet Union has built powerful defenses, assembled vast military stores, and has an army in readiness.

HAPPILY, not all of the news has been on the side of war. Some of it has dealt with the need for peace and understanding. As a gesture of good-will toward America and under pressure from anti-militarist elements in the Diet, the Japanese authorities have persuaded a retired naval officer to withdraw a provocative novel describing an imaginary war in the Pacific, and have announced that they are drawing up new regulations to put an end to the continuing flood of this sort of propaganda. In the House of Peers a former Foreign Minister, Kenkichi Yoshizawa, an outspoken imperialist in the past, frankly warned the admirals that if they persisted in their mad plans a rupture with the United States "would be inevitable." In both Tokio and Washington there is now being discussed a suggestion that a preliminary Japanese-American naval conference be held in an effort to straighten out the differences between the two

countries and so, perhaps, to avert the threatened breakdown of the 1935 conference. Compared with the many events pointing in the opposite direction, these few crumbs of peace news seem meager indeed. Yet they are sufficient to keep alive the hope that good sense and intelligent statesmanship will still save us from that catastrophe in the Far East which has long been forecast and now appears so close.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has invited the Mendieta administration to open negotiations for the "modification of the permanent treaty between the United States and Cuba, and for a revision of the commercial convention between these two countries." Of the seven articles of the Platt Amendment incorporated in the treaty, Articles IV and VI, relating respectively to the ratification of acts of our military occupation and the title to the Isle of Pines, are obsolete. Article I pledges Cuba never to alienate its independence by treaty with a foreign Power; Article II pledges Cuba not to contract debts without adequate provision for payment; Article III gives the United States the right to intervene to maintain a government adequate for the protection of life, liberty, and property; Article V pledges Cuba's maintenance and extension of sanitary provisions; Article VII grants us coaling stations to be selected by the President of the United States. That right was exercised by the establishment of a United States base at Guantanamo Bay. It is to be hoped that the Roosevelt Administration will reap the full benefit of its obviously enlightened purpose by scrapping the entire Platt Amendment. Articles II and III have been honored chiefly in the breach. We should relinquish the naval base; we have ample adjacent territory of our own in Florida, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands where an equivalent military purpose can be served. It is unnecessary to pledge Cuba to refrain from a compact with any foreign Power which would impair its independence, although clearly such a pledge would be given for the asking. As for the sanitation provisions, their execution depends largely on Cuba's economic condition, and could properly be included in the commercial convention necessary to assure a market for a proportion of the Cuban sugar crop in the United States and to restore the vanished market for American manufactured goods in Cuba.

FRENCH SECURITY and German militarism, the ancient villains of Europe, have broken loose again and threaten to overcome their gentle jailers, the League of Nations and the disarmament conference. Neither the barbed-wire entanglements of Versailles nor the soft words of Locarno having served to assuage the fears of France or the ambitions of Germany, Mussolini now suggests giving Hitler an army of 300,000 if he will return to the League, while Great Britain advances one of Sir John Simon's famous formulas by which France is offered more security and Germany is offered more military strength if only they will come back to Geneva and save the conference! Peace, in other words, is to be saved not by one but by 300,000 hairs of the dog that bit it, not counting Germany's 100,000 "non-military" fascist soldiers. Either by accident or by design the Italian memorandum was released just before the British Foreign Office issued its plan, thereby causing some embarrassment in diplomatic circles. In commenting on the incident the New York Times correspondent wrote: "However,

[it] is not likely to damage the cause of disarmament because it does not seem probable that either memorandum . . . will succeed in saving the Geneva conference." Whether consciously or not, the correspondent here expresses a fast-growing and widespread impression that a disarmament conference is hardly the place to discuss disarmament.

AMONG the other casualties of culture under the Nazi regime in Germany must be listed the decline or extinction of many newspapers once proud and powerful and independent. Offered the choice of suppression or coordination, most of the non-Marxist journals accepted the latter fate. But the result has proved all over again that a newspaper, like a person, must be itself or else it is nothing. The present plight of several "coordinated" publications has been partially revealed through circulation figures published in accordance with a recent law which brought the advertising business under direct control of the Hitler Government. The *Berliner Tageblatt*, formerly edited by the famous liberal, Theodor Wolff, has shrunk from a circulation of 250,000 to 25,000; another liberal paper, the *Berliner Volkszeitung*, dropped from 50,000 to 7,000; the popular *B.Z.*, published by Ullstein, went down to 200,000 from 750,000; and the *Grüne Post*, an Ullstein weekly, from 1,000,000 to 300,000. Even so conservative a newspaper as Hugenberg's *Lokalanzeiger* sank from 170,000 to 100,000, while the circulation of the *Nachtausgabe* was halved—dropping from 130,000 to 65,000. In the course of this catastrophic year 1,575 newspapers collapsed altogether through suppression or bankruptcy; today only 1,128 survive out of a former total of 2,703. The official Nazi paper, *Völkischer Beobachter*, has grown; its circulation is 314,750, now the largest in Germany. Its advertising has grown too, fifteen fold in the Berlin edition, while the advertising revenue of the other newspapers can be guessed by merely looking them over. As a result, the surviving journals are in desperate financial straits. The *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, formerly the largest and most powerful Munich paper, was heavily subsidized last summer in order that it might not cease publication altogether, throwing some five or six thousand persons out of work. This condition is not exceptional nor is it preventable as long as news is limited to official Nazi releases and opinion to official Nazi pronouncements. The German press will discover, if it does not already know it, that freedom of speech is more than a despised liberal principle; it is the only legitimate claim a publication can make upon the attention and interest of the public.

FRANK ADMISSION that certain codes under the National Industrial Recovery Act did in fact result in monopolistic price-fixing was made in a report on February 3 by A. D. Whiteside, NRA division administrator. The complaints, daily more numerous, about price-fixing and its attendant evils which have been made against the NRA—notably by Senators Borah and Nye in Congress—are seen to be not without foundation. And those persons who have considered any criticism of the NRA on these grounds as not only tantamount to high treason but in effect a championship of the sweatshop are evidently the victims of misguided zeal. Mr. Whiteside's report is all the more interesting as he was the chief foe of the Consumers' Advisory Board in its efforts to get before the recent price hearings just the

point of view which he has now publicly adopted. The report is the beginning of the general overhauling of all codes which is promised by General Johnson early this spring. It makes several provisions for checks on possible unjustified increases in prices and on the system of pressure exerted by large businesses on small ones to keep prices at a certain level. Mr. Whiteside expressed himself as having been deeply impressed by some of the things he had learned about jacking up prices under the NRA codes. Much of this information has been furnished him by Leon Henderson, recently appointed by General Johnson as his "consumer's assistant." Mr. Henderson mentioned, for example, an increase in the price of woolen goods seven times the amount necessary to cover the increased cost of labor under the code.

THE OLD GUARD not only dies but it surrenders also, as bewildered Pennsylvanians have learned. Senator David Aiken Reed, long the champion of the most reactionary interests in an ultra-reactionary State, has suddenly come out as a standard-bearer for the New Deal—though perhaps a little late. More than that, he now strongly favors a restoration of the slashes in veterans' compensation, which is of interest when it is recalled that as recently as the last session he was the most virulent of all those who fought mere mention of such suggestions. The about-face is comparable with Niagara Falls halting in its course and starting to flow upward, but there is no subtle alchemy of spiritual or ethical change involved. The reason is much simpler than that—Senator Reed is seeking reelection this year, and because Pennsylvania has changed somewhat since last he was a candidate he has on his hands the hardest task since the twelve labors of Hercules. His opponent will be Governor Gifford Pinchot, flying the banner of progressivism, and perhaps a Democratic candidate if Pinchot does not run on two tickets. Pennsylvania is likely to go Democratic from border to border if the last election is any sort of weather vane, and the Senatorial fight, it may confidently be predicted, will be an even warmer and more dramatic one than that of 1926, when Pinchot, Pepper, and Vare engaged in a contest which still provides material for street-corner debates in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

AN EPILOGUE to the tragic farce presented by the Colorado General Assembly in its year-long struggle to pass relief legislation while dominated by a vicious and powerful lobby was written late in January when the entire State Relief Committee was dismissed by Federal Relief Administrator Harry L. Hopkins. Both the Denver newspapers joined in a vigorous denunciation of the dismissal as a political strategem, though Mr. Hopkins explained his action on the ground that the committee had appointed one of its own members to direct, for a fat fee, an audit by CWA workers of the city's books. There was, however, probably more than a kernel of truth in the newspaper charge that the dismissal had political significance. It was a forthright victory for the progressive Democrats of the State under the leadership of United States Senator Edward P. Costigan. The committee had been appointed by Governor Johnson, who has chosen to play politics with the Old Guard marching under the leadership of Boss John T. Barnett, Costigan's opponent in the primaries of 1930. As told in *The Nation* of last week, the Old Guard has dominated

State politics, and has pulled against virtually every move in Washington to alleviate human distress in Colorado. The victory of the Costigan group, when set beside recent hopeful developments in the sugar-beet industry, indicates that Colorado, with the help of the national Administration, may be freed from its present political control.

ARE WRITERS CLERKS? Many have been classified as such by the Civil Works Administration, presumably because they can manipulate a pen or typewriter. Some of them object. We don't blame them. Nor would we blame the clerks for objecting either. It is easier—and on the whole juster—to blame the CWA for failing to realize that both writers and clerks have a function but it is not the same. It is a question whether the CWA is well advised to attempt different rates of pay according to occupation, if for no other reason than that it is impossible to discover the "prevailing wage" in many kinds of work. Among writers, for instance, it varies between Park and First avenues—between regular contributors to the *Saturday Evening Post* and those who land an occasional poem in *The Nation*. Anyhow we agree with the Unemployed Writers' Association of 146 Macdougal Street, New York City, of which Robert Whitcomb is the organizer, that if the CWA allows artists \$34 a week and lets them do their own type of work, it is unfair to classify writers as clerks and pay them \$20. Also we agree that it would be better to let them stay at home and work on the Great American Novel (or poem) than to have them fiddle away their time on artificial and useless tasks. We beg to file a minority opinion, though, on the demand that the work of unemployed writers be published at government expense. It is bad enough to have our public buildings daubed over with unemployed art. If in addition we are to be deluged with unemployed literature, the depression will become a holocaust.

WE HAVE LONG HAD our own idea about what would constitute the Perfect Crime. To us it has always seemed that it would not be something fiendish and bloody like the crimes committed in the papers or detective novels but rather something in which the Master Mind exhibited his skill and ingenuity in a harmless, purely artistic fashion. Now, thanks to an obscure item in a daily paper, we discover that it has actually been committed and that the culprit has escaped detection—as of course he should. It seems that a man came into a barber shop with two little boys. He got a shave and also, we hope, all the extra ministrations which barbers are in the habit of suggesting. He then ordered a hair-cut for the children and left, saying that he would return by the time the operation had been completed. An hour later the tonsorialist asked one of the boys when he thought his papa would be back. "Oh," said the child simply, "he's not our papa. He's just a nice man who said he would get us a hair-cut for nothing." So far as the police are concerned the incident is, we believe, considered closed, but we like to think that the man in whose imagination the scheme was born was not really concerned with saving a quarter. Here is a beautiful case of swindling for swindling's sake—plus something else even more admirable. If the heads of the poor little boys really needed attention, then obviously our Master Mind had not only the soul of an artist but a touch of Robin Hood as well.

Are We Back on Gold?

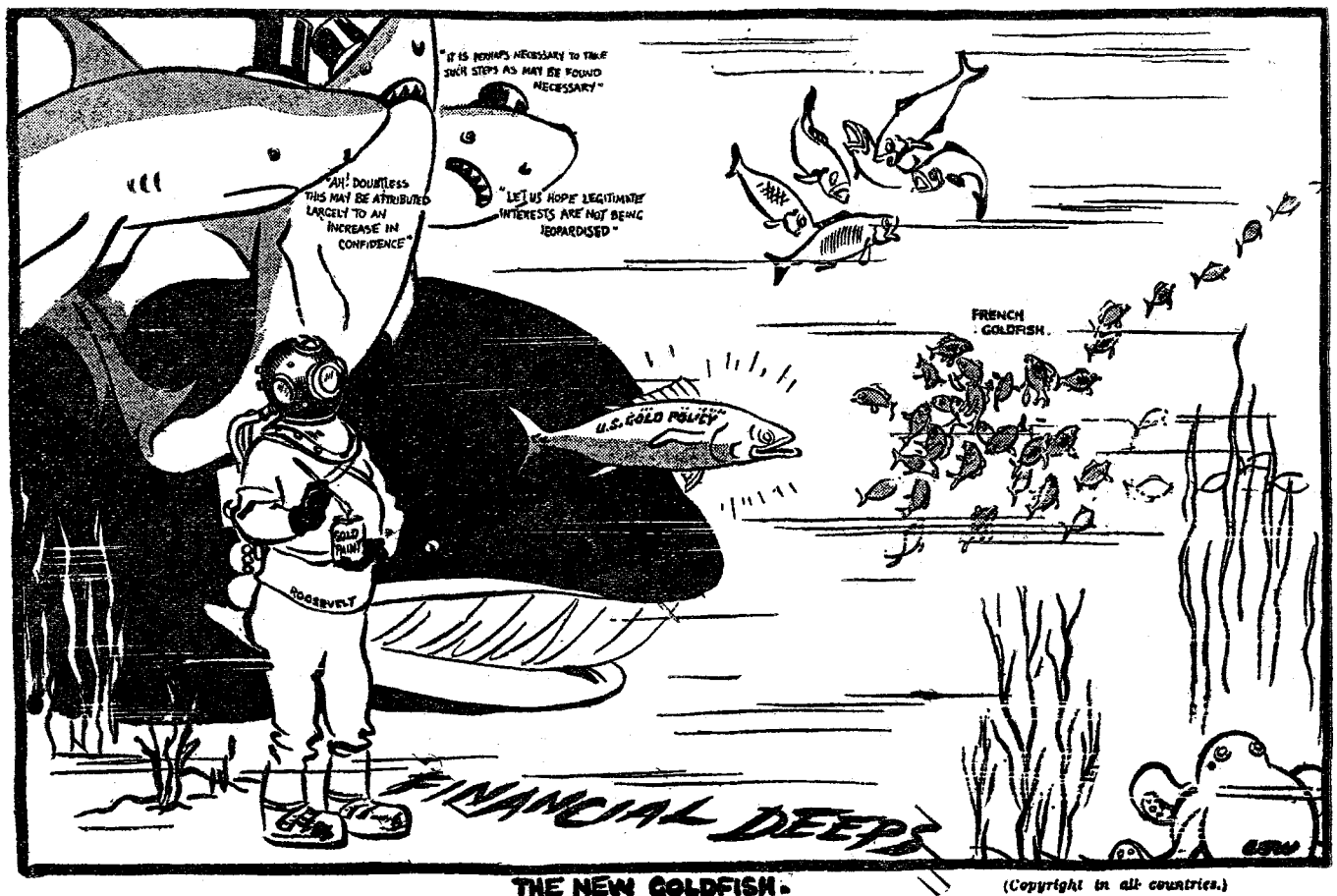
THE first effect of the President's announcement of the 59.06-cent dollar was a widespread expression of approval by bankers and monetary authorities and a vigorous advance in the speculative markets. The speculative rise was in part due to the fact that the rate fixed for the dollar was somewhat lower than that already prevailing on the foreign exchanges, but the reason for the general optimism went deeper than that. The President announced that \$35 an ounce would be paid by the Treasury not merely for newly mined American gold, as during the previous gold-buying campaign, but for all gold offered in foreign countries, excluding only that held by American citizens in defiance of the anti-hoarding regulations. Further, and in some respects even more significant, the Secretary of the Treasury announced at the same time that he would also *sell* gold "for export to foreign central banks whenever our exchange rates with gold-standard countries reach gold-export point." It was held that these two measures in effect returned us to the gold standard; that they made devaluation a fact; that they would end fluctuations in the dollar in terms of other gold-standard currencies.

This interpretation is not, of course, without substantial grounds. The new regulations certainly seem on their face to end most of the previously existing uncertainty. They even make it look as if the President had radically changed his mind since his statement of January 15: "Because of world uncertainties, I do not believe it desirable in the public

interest that an exact value for the dollar be now fixed." If this were really so, if the President had finally decided to adopt the 59-cent dollar permanently, optimism regarding the new monetary measures would be in the main warranted.

But it is impossible to overlook the very large element of uncertainty that still remains, and the dangers of it. The President still has the legal right at any time within the next three years to cut the gold content of the dollar further by as much as 15 per cent, and he has given no indication that he will not exercise that power. On the contrary, in his statement to the press explaining the new policy, he remarked explicitly that he "reserves the right . . . to alter or modify the present proclamation as the interest of the United States may seem to require. The authority by later proclamation to accomplish other revaluations of the dollar in terms of gold is contained in the Gold Reserve Act signed on Tuesday." The value of the dollar, in other words, may still be changed, without prior notice, in accordance with the judgment or whim of a single man. This element of uncertainty must still militate against confidence. International speculators, in addition, may still be tempted to sell the dollar short in the hope of anticipating the President's decision to devalue further; and such speculation can only increase the difficulties of maintaining stability.

Apart from these provisions, it is apparently the belief of the Administration that the type of gold standard established by the new regulations is suitable as a permanent



policy. That is, the Administration believes not merely that no gold coins should exist, but that gold should be sold or given in exchange for our paper currency only for export to foreign central banks and not to our own citizens. This policy, it is true, is substantially that already followed in the present crisis by the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Belgium; but its value as a permanent policy remains open to grave question. In effect it permits foreigners but not Americans to protect themselves against monetary excesses and dangers at home. Its value in protecting this country's gold supply is questionable. Unless it is adopted as a world gold policy, it still permits individuals in countries without such a policy to hoard gold, and to draw it indirectly through their own central bank from the countries that maintain the restricted gold basis. It is a policy that tries to forget that gold is a commodity and attempts to treat it purely as a symbol. In the long run such a government policy seems likely to encourage hoarding and bootlegging of gold by individuals. It has a further danger also. This is that speculative excesses in any one country may run further before they are checked, because of the tendency of the management of central banks to be polite to each other, to "cooperate" with each other.

The new regulations imply also that the American gold standard in future will be merely a gold-bullion standard, and that no more gold coins will be issued. A large number of monetary authorities now believe that the gold-bullion standard is preferable to the full gold standard; it is the type of gold standard prevailing in France, and it seems likely that it is the kind that will be adopted by Great Britain and other countries when they return to gold. Nevertheless, it is questionable that it offers any advantages in the long run over a gold standard that includes the issuance of gold coins. It is, in effect, a rich man's gold standard. As it has operated in France, for example, it permitted Frenchmen with the equivalent of \$8,000 or more in cash to draw out gold bars to that value in the run of 1931, but did not permit persons with less than that to draw out gold. Yet it is doubtful that even so it reduced substantially the amount of the gold drainage; for speculators took out gold bars, sawed them up, and sold the pieces at a 5 per cent premium to individuals, while in some villages individuals formed syndicates to draw out gold bars. The extra expense to a government of maintaining gold coins is negligible, as not many of them are used in circulation anyway. The ability to get gold coins on demand, moreover, reduces the desire to get them, and so helps to maintain confidence. No one would see the justice of permitting a bank in times of crisis to allow only its large depositors to withdraw their funds; yet the gold-bullion standard is in effect the national equivalent of this.

These are questions of ultimate policy; what is important to settle now is the next step. By fixing the value of the new dollar so low the President has only added to the troubles of the gold-standard countries, which would have been drained to some extent by the repatriation of American capital in any case. The French gold standard in the next few weeks will be subjected to the severest test it has yet had to confront. If that test is successfully met, the Administration should do what it can to end the world's monetary uncertainties by negotiating at the earliest possible moment with the British government for a joint return to gold at a fixed ratio and permanent levels.

Shameful Economy

THE conditions under which United States foreign-service officers are now compelled to live has become little short of scandalous. Whatever may be the need of retrenchment and economy in the federal budget, Congress ought to grant the approximately \$7,500,000 additional appropriation required not only to prevent the demoralization of the service but to permit the few hundreds serving the United States in foreign lands to maintain the barest subsistence level.

The unfortunate plight of these foreign-service officers originates less in the retrenchments which have been applied successively since the beginning of the depression than in the extraordinary increase in their cost of living abroad caused by the depreciation of the dollar. Previous to the present emergency officials in the foreign service, diplomatic and consular, had suffered the following cuts: (1) the 15 per cent cut in the salaries of all government employees—the justification claimed for this cut, namely, that the cost of living had been lowered here, did not apply in many countries where the foreign-service employees affected were stationed; (2) the abolition of all post allowances—special allowances which had long been made for certain posts where unusual conditions required unusual expenditures; (3) the abolition of representation allowances—allowances deemed necessary for the adequate fulfilment of the particular functions or mission with which the official in question was charged; (4) a 65 per cent reduction in allowances for rent, heat, and light of living quarters; (5) suspension of all promotions.

Serious as was the hardship thus inflicted upon foreign-service officers, many of whom had made commitments in the matter of leases and other obligations, it was as nothing to what happened when the United States went off the gold standard last spring. As a result of that act our foreign-service officers, from ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary to humble clerks and messengers in embassies, legations, and consulates, upon stipends which were modest to begin with, have suffered reductions in income averaging 50 per cent. Anyone who doubts that their plea for a minimum of decent subsistence is valid has but to read their communications presented by Assistant Secretary of State Wilbur J. Carr at the hearing before the subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations in December. One learns not only of families separated, children deprived of schooling, service officers and their wives and children compelled to live in sordid and unhealthful quarters with inadequate nourishment, and wives drudging in vain attempt to make both ends meet, but of nervous breakdowns and suicides as a result of the dilemma of these officials.

From the standpoint of elementary decency there can be no justification for the Administration's failure promptly to rectify this state of affairs. But viewed wholly in terms of public interest Washington's callous indifference is lamentably shortsighted. The much-reduced and overworked personnel of the foreign service represents the dignity and the interest of the United States throughout the world. Annually it helps to secure for Americans large sums in trade, paying for itself many times. The present appropriation for the entire foreign service, diplomatic and consular, is barely

over \$11,000,000. Congress is voting hundreds of millions for naval construction without blinking. The foreign service, which under this Administration may be counted as a valuable force for the prevention of international friction and for the restoration of our shattered foreign trade, costs less than one of the warships which at the present session Congress is cheerfully providing.

It is true that the majority of our ambassadors and a considerable proportion of our ministers have independent means—we should like to see salary appropriations for the more important posts made sufficient so that the selection of men of wealth was not virtually obligatory—but no such opulence prevails among the majority of the 710 officers who, after careful training, have dedicated themselves to service abroad in behalf of their country. Nor does it prevail for the numerous clerks in our ministries and consulates. We realize that after four years of widespread depression one more tale of suffering is apt to fall on unresponsive ears, and that Congress and the Administration are under great pressure from every quarter. But here is a situation which can easily be remedied. Whether or not it is sliced from the excessive naval appropriations, the money should be found at once. It is a ghastly paradox for an Administration dedicated to recovery to subject a group of its own valued and conscientious employees to humiliation, demoralization, and almost to destitution.

In Defense of Labor

THE National Labor Board was originally set up last August, to quote a statement by President Roosevelt at the time, as "a tribunal to pass promptly on any case of hardship or dispute that may arise from interpretation or application of the President's Reemployment Agreement." Since then its authority has been widened to embrace other labor disputes bearing upon the recovery program. At the start the board did settle some controversies, if not always promptly, at any rate to the apparent satisfaction of the disputants. But in recent months the board has been widely criticized by workers, not only for its failure to move promptly, but for its failure to move at all. The workers charge, with complete justification, that the board's dilatory tactics have played into the hands of open-shop employers who wish to prevent their employees from being organized in any way, or, failing that, to herd them into company-controlled unions.

The board's inaction has been ascribed in part to the fact that its powers were vague and uncertain for several months and in part to the character and prejudices of most of its members. On December 19, however, the President issued an executive order clothing the board with legal authority to act as a mediation agency in labor disputes. This order did little to expedite its work. Indeed, though a number of disputes were settled in August and September, not a single major controversy has been adjusted since December 19. This leads one to suspect that the personnel of the board may be largely responsible for its procrastination and ineffectiveness. With one or two exceptions, the members have viewed their duties with almost studied indifference. Nor could anything better have been expected from

industrial members who in the past have looked with favor upon company unionism and other devices used by big business in fighting organized labor. Yet it would be wrong to indict these members alone, for the representatives of organized labor have absented themselves from meetings of the board at times when the interests of the workers demanded their attendance.

Two classes of disputes fall within the jurisdiction of the National Labor Board. The first includes disagreements over wages, working conditions, and other matters not directly covered or affected by the Recovery Act. Such questions can be settled by the usual methods, that is, by mediation or arbitration. The second class has to do with complaints arising under Section 7-a of the recovery law. This section supposedly guarantees to the workers the right of collective bargaining and the right to choose their own representatives without interference on the part of their employers. Wage disputes ordinarily involve questions of judgment rather than fact and so are susceptible of adjustment by some method of compromise. But the second class of controversy involves questions of fact alone. The Recovery Act does not say or even imply that the workers must in certain instances be content with a modified form of collective bargaining; it gives them the right of collective bargaining without qualification.

Nor does it permit the employer to resort to coercion as long as he does not go too far; it expressly forbids him to coerce, intimidate, or influence his employees under any circumstances. Here there is no room for compromise, for mediation or arbitration. Here there is room for facts alone, and the facts can always be determined by thorough and impartial investigation. When they show that an employer has violated Section 7-a, he should be punished as specifically required by the law. These disputes do not lie between workers and employers; they lie between employers and the government. In creating a merely mediatory agency to handle such questions the Administration has been setting its own law at defiance.

The President recognized this, to a degree at least, in his executive order of February 1 authorizing the Labor Board not only to intervene in disputes of this kind, but also in effect to enforce the labor provisions of the recovery law. We may doubt, however, the wisdom of leaving this task to a semi-official agency of the character of the National Labor Board. For one thing, the board was established on the theory, as we may judge from the composition of its personnel, that disputes arising under the recovery law can only be adjusted by reconciling the differences between workers and employers. For another, the record of the board is not such as to encourage us to believe that it will really proceed promptly and vigorously against law-breaking industries and corporations.

The Labor Board can well be dispensed with. It was created at a time when it appeared necessary to use a few "big names" and a bit of newspaper ballyhoo to head off a steel strike and other labor disturbances threatening the newborn recovery program. The board's investigation and mediation functions can better be left to the more experienced and dependable Conciliation Service of the Department of Labor, where they properly belong, while in the interest of orderly government, enforcement of the Recovery Act should be lodged with the Department of Justice.

Issues and Men

Ogden Mills on the Tariff

MR. MILLS makes an interesting speech. That one must admit even when one recalls how ludicrously wrong he was in many of his utterances and forecasts when he was Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury. He delivers his speeches, moreover, in the best House of Commons manner, which is paying him a real compliment, and he clothes his thoughts in excellent language. His address in Topeka on January 29 seems to me by all means the best criticism yet made of the President's policies from the opposition side, and his statement of the duty of the opposition was historically correct and well put.

What interested me most about this speech, however, was Mr. Mills's reference near the end of his address to the tariff problem. He felt compelled to defend himself for making it, and recalled the last words of McKinley before he was assassinated as a justification lest he be charged with party treason. They ought to be on the walls of every Democratic and Republican clubhouse in the country: "A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing." Referring to our lost foreign markets and the necessity of restoring purchasing power at home and also of promoting "a greater prosperity and a higher standard of living the world over," Mr. Mills correctly declared that "we will have to abandon the present policy of isolation and intense nationalism and to some extent modify recent tariff practices." Precisely. Henry A. Wallace brilliantly illuminated one phase of the situation not long ago when he declared that we must either change our tariff policy or abandon 50,000,000 acres of land and find new employment for the huge population which now makes some kind of a living by tilling them. But that is only one phase of the problem. The plight of our manufacturers is equally grave unless we revise our whole crazy tariff system. That Mr. Mills can see this and speak out for it when he is one of the outstanding members of the high-tariff Republican Party is an extremely encouraging sign; it ought to make President Roosevelt finally decide to take up a question about which he has thus far been extremely vague. The President seems to be without true understanding of the need of the hour and the tariff's relation to national recovery. This is the more remarkable because he has at his elbow one of the greatest tariff experts in America, Secretary Hull.

But when Mr. Mills spoke those fine words about aiding the return of "greater prosperity and a higher standard of living the world over," he betrayed the protectionists and he cannot deny it. For the basic principle of American protection has always been utterly selfish, without the slightest interest in the other fellow across the seas. We have never considered the effect of our tariffs upon other nations. We have frankly said that they might go to hell for all we cared. When we have been told that our tariffs were injuring working people abroad by further depressing their wages and stand-

ards of living, as their employers sought to decrease costs in order still to sell goods over here, your true Republican has said that the foreigner could starve if he pleased. The protected beet-sugar grower in Colorado is usually rather pleased if you tell him that the tariff on sugar he bought and paid for by campaign contributions and other favors to politicians has brought the Cubans to despair and starvation. He calmly says, "What of it? Nobody is looking after us but ourselves." When Mr. Mills begins to express the humanitarian and economically wise desire to help the rest of the world recover, he is undermining the very foundations of the selfish, nationalistic protective system.

Mr. Mills was also excellent in protesting against the new doctrine of isolation, "autarchy," as it is called. This is the latest panacea—dear little Jimmie Gerard heading a society which has discovered that we can do away with poverty in America by completely isolating ourselves, buying only the essential things we cannot produce, and "cutting loose from the poverty of Europe"! To such as Jimmie, Mr. Mills makes the following complete answer: "A practically completely self-contained and controlled national economy can doubtless be attained, but only at a frightful social cost and by the enforced migration of millions of people from their homes, and an all-around lowering of the standard of living."

It is interesting to note that in a remarkable review of the German economic situation under Hitler which appeared recently in the *New Statesman and Nation*, of London, the same conclusion is reached—namely, that in the course of some years Hitler could establish autarchy in Germany, but only at a frightful cost and by the steady deterioration of the standard of living of the entire German people. Russia has shown that this can be done in behalf of a cause, that millions upon millions of people can go on living at the bare point of sustenance. Germany, if the enthusiasm for Hitler can be kept up, could readily make similar sacrifices. Even we Americans could give up many of our luxuries if we had to do so. But why in heaven's name should the nations cut themselves off from one another? The normal status for the world is trade, full and free. Every barrier preventing the free flow of goods is an injury to innumerable people.

Somehow it is very hard to visualize Ogden Mills as leading the Republican Party—his personal unpopularity in New York State alone would seem to forbid that. But none the less he should have his due: he is seeking to lead in a party where leadership is dead, and the manner in which he is doing it is really beyond criticism. It will be interesting to see whether others besides James M. Beck will appear to define the opposition policies which the Republican Party must put forth if it is to continue to exist or have a reason for existing.

Oswald Garrison Villard

The Fiscal Faro Game

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

THE President is playing dealer in a giant faro game. The cards he draws from the box are the successive moves in the recovery program, and the stakes appear to be no less than our interests in the existing social order. Cool, daring, resourceful, unperturbed, willing to stake everything on the turn of a card, the dealer for nearly a year now has played a dazzling game. Thus far the cards, by and large, have fallen well for him. Those of us whose tastes do not run to violence and revolution can scarcely avoid suspending our ordinary devotions occasionally and putting up a bootleg petition to Mercury to continue his aid to the bank.

In government finance it is beautifully simple. Recovery, we win; depression, we lose. And if we lose, not all the forces of fiscal piety and economic orthodoxy combined can save us from "uncontrolled" inflation, or from other measures, induced by government necessity, even more distasteful to the dancing dervishes of the orthodox faith. Thus far the President has played his fiscal game superbly. I expect him to continue, and I hope that Mercury will be on his side.

When President Roosevelt took office on March 4 last, he brought to an end a fiscal regime of an ignorance and stupidity almost incredible. I refer to the Treasury policies of Andrew W. Mellon, policies essentially unchanged by Mr. Mellon's much more intelligent successor, Ogden L. Mills. Mr. Roosevelt began with great skill and daring by making a savage slash in government expenditures and by propounding the idea of an extraordinary budget. His huge cut in government spending did many injustices and injured important services, but it stopped the mouths of the National Economy League and those other simple-minded patriots who think that all government spending is an evil *per se*. It thus opened the door for the enormous spending that the President saw was necessary if the country was to be saved from the possible horrors of social break-up. The extraordinary budget made it possible to do that spending without all the great business executives of the country fainting on the Capitol steps at the specter of an unbalanced budget. For these financial Napoleons, who gaily borrow millions in their own business to be paid out of future earnings, had hitherto maintained in childlike innocence the belief that if in any year of peace cash receipts from taxes do not equal cash outgo of the government, then financial perdition is somehow just around the corner. Of course this is nonsense. Regular revenue must be big enough to meet ordinary expenditures plus interest on the bonds or other obligations issued to meet extraordinary expenditures like those of war or industrial crisis. Further, as every tyro knows, there is everything to be said for the government's incurring deficits—and huge deficits at that—during depression *and paying them off during prosperity*, in order to stabilize business as far as possible. Only we must have no Andrew W. Mellons at the switch during prosperity to relieve the groaning taxpayer who needs his money to gamble in stocks instead of having it taken away from him for the prosaic purpose of paying off the public debt. The fiscal policy of the New Deal demands a

higher standard of intelligence, firmness, and public leadership than that of the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover regime. Thus far it has had it. Of course most of the task is still ahead, but the promise seems good.

The pending tax bill must provide money enough to meet the ordinary expenditures of the government, and in addition to pay the interest on the extraordinary obligations issued for relief and recovery purposes. How much is that? Nobody actually knows; it depends at bottom on the speed of recovery. How long will the CWA, for example, have to last? The whole thing is a matter of expert guesswork, and the President's budget message presents the best guess of the government experts. Happily there is every reason to think that it is an honest message, painting the fiscal picture too dark rather than too bright. The President figures ordinary expenditures for the current fiscal year (ending June 30) at about three billions, and extraordinary ones at nearly seven and a third billions more, against receipts of three and a quarter billions (two hundred millions more than the ordinary expenditures, be it noted). The deficit is thus seven billions. For 1934-35 he estimates ordinary expenditures at two and a half billions, extraordinary at three and a half, and receipts at four billions (a billion and a half above ordinary expenditures), leaving a deficit of two billions. The anticipated increase of the public debt by nine billions in two years will bring the total to thirty-two billions by June 31, 1935. Against it the government will hold as security for loans assets of an estimated book value of five and a half billions—a not unimportant item. Of course there is always a grave danger that extraordinary government expenditures may become ordinary ones; but on the basis of the above showing our tax task is no extraordinarily difficult one, given a reasonable industrial recovery.

Treasury estimates of four billions of receipts under existing legislation in 1934-35 are based on the assumption that the Federal Reserve Board index of industrial production, which has stood at 118, 110, 97, 70, and 67, respectively, during the five fiscal years from 1929 to 1933, is going to reach 81 this year and 98 for 1934-35. The assumption looks reasonable, though of course uncertain. But there are other important facts. The budget estimates take no account of increased revenues amounting to fifty millions hoped for from proposed increases in the taxes on wines and liquors, or of the two hundred million anticipated increase in income taxes to result from changes that the Ways and Means Committee voted on January 24 to recommend. This added quarter-billion alone would pay the interest on six and a quarter billion of emergency bonds at 4 per cent; and as the average interest on the public debt has fallen from 3.57 to 3.35 per cent during the past two fiscal years, it seems not unreasonable to assume that the government can borrow at the rate suggested. Seeing that this year's receipts promise to be a clear two hundred millions more than the year's ordinary expenditures, that the House committee definitely plans to add another quarter-billion to the amount set down by the President as expected for next year, that tax receipts

for this year have thus far been better than expected, that the indexes of business activity are pointing definitely upward, and that the recent Treasury offering of a billion dollars in short-time 1½ and 2½ per cent notes was subscribed three and a half times over in a day, Mr. Morgenthau has good reason to feel cheerful. The amateurs and professors who have replaced financial statesmen of the towering stature of Andrew W. Mellon and Charles G. Dawes seem to be playing in undeserved good luck.

What are they actually doing about taxation, and what do they need to do? They are, happily, repairing some of the gaps in the income-tax fence, and they need to rebuild it out of concrete, to crown it with barbed wire charged with a million volts of electricity, and to prepare all the cells in federal prisons vacated by prohibition violators for the reception of income-tax lawyers who teach their clients how to break through. During the first seventy-five years of our national existence, the government drew its revenues almost wholly from customs duties. The Civil War brought internal-revenue taxes, and during the half-century down to 1913 whiskey and tobacco taxes shared on a rough basis of equality with the tariff duties in supporting the government. Up to that time, then, people really paid federal taxes roughly in proportion to their consumption of imported goods, whiskey, and tobacco—that is, the great body of ordinary people paid the most of them. The overruling of the Supreme Court by the process of constitutional amendment gave us the income tax in 1913, just in time to make possible the financing of the war. A huge tax structure was swiftly built up. Unavoidably, it was very defective, but temporarily productive. Income and profits taxes, which brought in \$125,000,000 in 1916, yielded almost four billion in 1920. Then came the process of revision, directed, most unfortunately, by Mr. Mellon, who was essentially a predatory financier elevated to high political office. What was needed was to make the personal income tax into an effective instrument, not only of revenue, but also of social policy; the two ends are by no means necessarily harmonious. We needed the personal income tax not only as a means of collecting federal taxes from people more or less on the basis of their ability to pay instead of their consumption, but also as a means of leveling off, be it ever so slightly, some of the ridiculous peaks of our income distribution, like the 513 million-dollar incomes in 1929, or the 38 five-million-dollar incomes of the same year. What Mr. Mellon and his advisers actually did was to lower rates for both big and little income-tax payers and the payers of estate taxes, on the theory that taxation must not interfere with the accumulation of capital. That was wrong policy in the golden twenties, and it is wrong policy now, despite the conservative economists. At the same time the Treasury and the Congress between them managed to maintain so many cushions and exemptions—tax-exempt securities, capital-losses provisions, income juggling between husband and wife, and endless other possibilities of legal evasion—that any suggestion of fairness as between various income-tax payers became a joke, and a huge army of income-tax lawyers have made a fat living showing wealthy clients how to avoid legally the payment of taxes they equitably owed. That was wrong policy at any time and place.

What have been the fiscal results? During the last five years of Coolidge prosperity, total government tax receipts were approximately as follows, in millions of dollars:

	<i>Amount</i>	<i>Percentage</i>
Customs duties	\$2,904	18
Tobacco and liquor taxes	2,024	12
Other internal revenue taxes	629	3
Corporation income taxes	5,847	35
Total	11,404	68
Personal income taxes	4,615	28
Estate taxes	450	3
Total	5,065	31
Grand Total	\$16,469	

The corporation income tax is of course a tax on business, and I therefore place it with the first group, comprising taxes which, so far as they are shifted, ultimately rest on individuals according to their consumption of taxed goods. Only the personal income tax and the estate tax are laid theoretically more or less in accordance with the individual's ability to pay. They brought in less than a third of the tax revenue; last year it was only a fifth. The situation was made worse in this particular by the laying of the processing tax on important agricultural products to pay the subsidy to farmers for cutting acreage. A public that valiantly resisted a general sales tax urged upon it by the high priests of the Old Deal joyfully accepted from the prophet of the New Deal a tax bound to be collected for the most part from consumers of flour, cotton cloth, and other goods whose material is subjected to the processing tax. The Treasury hopes, on the basis of existing law, to get \$3,800,000,000 in taxes next year, divided as follows:

Customs tax	\$ 466,000,000
Internal revenue taxes	1,520,000,000
Processing tax	548,000,000
Income tax	1,265,000,000

If the personal income tax should furnish markedly less than half the total income-tax yield, as it has done for ten years past, and the estate tax should equal its average of the past four years, \$48,000,000, then these two together, levied on the basis of ability, might amount to a bit more than \$600,000,000, or about one dollar on this basis as against five laid on other bases, notably consumption. There is every reason to be glad that the House committee proposes to revise the law so as to collect some two hundred millions more, largely out of unearned incomes above \$5,000.

I believe that there ought to be three clearly defined objectives in federal taxation, all of them connected with the income tax, for that is really the heart of the problem. Expedients like a capital levy, however tolerantly some of us blatherskite thinkers might look on them, are outside the range of practical action except as desperate emergency measures. The income tax is a great fighting issue, with enormous political possibilities for progressive and constructive action. First, then, and fundamental to everything else, the personal income-tax law has got to be made lawyer-proof, so that the government can actually levy and collect from the rich such taxes as are conceived to be in the general public interest. I realize that this is a well-nigh impossible order. I know what it involves in getting rid of tax-exempt securities, in solving the problem of deducting capital losses from taxable income, in coping with such crookedness as was involved in the Mitchell and Wiggin conjugal tax jugglery,

in dealing with all the great problems of administration. The amendments proposed by the Ways and Means Committee will help somewhat in important particulars, but there is an immense task to be done before the personal income tax can become a really effective instrument of social policy.

Second, we ought to develop that tax as the primary agency of federal revenue. Disagreeable though it be to assert it, all of us who pay income tax, little and big taxpayers alike, ought to pay more rather than less than we do now. The income tax is now a tax on the well-to-do. Not one family in four ever paid income tax under the low war-time exemptions; in the peak income years of 1928 and 1929 the proportion was not more than one in ten. We who do pay it can well afford to pay more than the one-fifth to one-quarter of the federal taxes that we have contributed in ordinary good years. Great Britain, with a population of 46,000,000, raised \$365,000,000, practically half its revenue, from income tax. The married Englishman begins at 12½ per cent on the excess of his income above £175, or £187, 10s. if it be earned income. As soon as the taxable income passes £175 the rate jumps to 25 per cent, and stays there up to £2,000, at which point the surtaxes begin, and the surtaxes bring in a fifth of the whole tax. The Englishman thus pays 12½ per cent of his income from \$950 up to \$1,725, and 25 per cent above that amount. I realize the differences between the two tax systems, but let the corresponding American, paying this year 4 per cent on the excess of his income above \$2,500 and 8 per cent above \$6,500, with a small surtax beginning at \$6,000—let him consider his mercies and ask himself whether as a matter of equity he may not be getting off too easy by comparison with his less fortunate fellow-citizen who pays no income tax. His real grievance is against the big taxpayers, the Mitchells, the Wiggins, the Morgan partners, and more accurately against the law. That grievance must be removed, as already stated, by improving the law and its administration, which action might make it possible to attain the third desideratum.

That end is to lay personal income taxes at yet more steeply graduated rates, with the definite purpose of finally absorbing all private income above some generous minimum.

The final tax measure of the harassed Hoover Administration pushed surtax rates up to 55 per cent on income above a million dollars, making the total levy on the second million or more 63 per cent. The proposal of the Ways and Means Committee leaves it at exactly the same point. What ails the sturdy advocates of the New Deal? Are they, too, afflicted with Mellonism? Are they afraid of making capital accumulation slacken? Do they not realize that the time to hit the rich taxpayer is when he is down, because that is the only time that he can't hit back more effectively than you hit him?

Why don't they shove up surtax rates at the same time that they push administrative reforms with all their might? Some of us, at least, would view with equanimity surtax rates that rose so fast as to make taxes absorb all income beyond a modest minimum wage of say \$100,000, and estate taxes gathering into the public coffers all the wealth that a man had accumulated by industry and thrift in excess of a mere pittance of two or three millions; that might be left to the luckless heirs. And we should expect the captain of industry and the financial wizard to work just as hard for us after we had treated him rough in that way as he did under the Old Deal. Nor should we be disturbed if we found such taxation compelling private industry to rely in some measure on government aid for financing; rather we should think it a good thing. But we should scarcely hope for such a result if we also kept the Securities Act intact requiring promoters to tell the truth and bankers to meet their fiduciary responsibilities; for with some safety for investments we should expect an enormous volume of relatively small savings. What we need now is to apply to the taxation of wealth something of that same daring and imagination that the President has displayed in other fields. Taxation can be made an enormously powerful machine to help effect the profound economic changes on which we are clearly embarked, and which we must all hope to attain peacefully. We cannot use it that way without pitching overboard the economic philosophy of the Mellon regime. The Administration's tax program as thus far revealed affords too little evidence that the captain has yet given orders to jettison that cargo. But he has been a busy man.

Begin Housing Now!

By HENRY S. CHURCHILL

THE time has come to ask, What is the matter with the PWA housing program? Probably no other part of the New Deal seemed to promise so much, or to commence more favorably. Ample funds and authority were provided, and the necessity of the program, both as an emergency measure of reemployment and as a long-time social measure, was generally recognized. It had the earnest support of Mr. Ickes, of Miss Perkins, of the White House itself; and the appointment of the director, Robert D. Kohn, was one of those miracles of selection that occur only occasionally. Moreover, Mr. Kohn was empowered to choose his chief assistants in his own image, free from the devastating influence of Mr. Farley. There seemed to be nothing in the way of success.

Yet the record to date is distressing. Several hundred projects have been presented; a vast amount of preliminary work has been gone through. Municipalities and groups all over the country have lined up behind the program and have put through legislation and organization to comply with the demands of the Housing Division. Promises have been made by Washington, and funds have been earmarked. But except for a few relatively small and scattered projects, none of them really "low rental," and a small part of the Cleveland plan—the first of them all, the "laboratory of housing"—no money has passed, no steam shovels have snorted, no men have been put back to work. Ten months have passed, and failure seems certain. The causes are not so clear. What are they?

In general there would seem to be two principal causes. The first, a cause of delay rather than of failure except as failure was inherent in delay, was the curious one of the over-integrity of the men in control. So desperately determined were they that no hint of graft or of undue profit should soil work approved by them that project after project was held up for microscopic scrutiny and the least taint served to delay and damn. This in itself, under normal conditions, would be of course magnificent; but we were told this was an Emergency, practically a War, and that the primary objective was to build so as to put men back to work. This phase of the program need not be discussed further. It is already dead, a complete failure. I do not mean that honesty alone killed it; the usual and perhaps necessary refusal of the government to share in even the slightest business risk contributed to the result.

It may be said that the government's attitude of suspicion and non-cooperation, however justified in the majority of cases, has served to kill the interest of the honest limited-dividend investor and make him exclaim, "A plague on *all* your houses!" As a result the government found it necessary to form its own corporation to do its own housing, with and through municipal agencies, which it perhaps naively assumes are more honest than individuals. But the point is that such a policy is, or should be, a complete and clear-cut abandonment of the capitalist-profit system of rent. If the central authority will not allow the "investor" the normal, reasonable "break" which is legitimate under capitalism, it can logically do only one thing—admit that housing is a state function, socialize the entire program by subsidizing the *money*, and go ahead and build.

If honesty served to delay the emergency program, the delay helped to bring out and emphasize the second cause of the impending collapse of the whole plan. That second cause is that the Housing Division has failed to distinguish between housing and the popular slogan of "slum clearance." In the beginning the emergency program was killed in part by the wavering of policy between slum clearance and building on vacant land, and the long-term program is being strangled by the concentration on slum clearance alone. Every effort has been made to put it across. Mr. Kohn has campaigned long, vigorously, and consistently for it. As disappointment followed disappointment in city after city, the division formed its own corporation to build and operate. Nothing has happened, not even in the city of Washington itself, and in a recent terse telegram Mr. Ickes announced it was all off—for the present at least.

It is easy enough to select the usual scapegoat, the vested real-estate interests. No doubt they can carry their share of blame. But it is also just possible that the real fault lies with those who failed to think the problem through. It is just possible that slum clearance, by itself, is an impossibility—and, moreover, that where clearance is part of a larger program it is the second part, not the first. Housing for the people of the slums must come first. Otherwise, every slum area cleared raises the value of the surrounding slums, and the effort defeats itself. Condemnation and the right of eminent domain are costly, long-winded, and untried in this field; if the choice must be between slum clearance and abandonment of the program, the answer seems already given.

The new program for New York City will go the same way for the same reason, only a stronger one. The PWA is

not restricted in its general powers of choice and can utilize outlying or blighted districts if it wishes; the New York bill provides specifically for slum clearance, with only a small option to build on other land. Consequently as a social program to provide decent housing for over half the population, it is still born. As a program for the rescue of slum owners and for the satisfaction of the sentimental social worker, it may have a small measure of success—a small and temporary measure. A few bad blocks will be painfully acquired; the old tenements torn down; new, airy, sanitary buildings built. Who will live in them? They are certain to compete with commercial apartments, as the State Housing Board projects have done. The rents will of necessity be too high for the former occupants of the old slum, who will crowd into the surrounding slums, filling them up. Tax exemption for the new structures will raise the rates on the old; valuations will be higher. They will be more valuable to the owner both actually and potentially; assemblages will be harder, prices higher. As a result nothing comprehensive will be achieved by all the dither of surveys, replannings, reordinations of streets, transit, parks, relocation of population, and all the rest. Nor will any low-rent homes be provided. The solution of the problem as a social, wisely planned whole is bound to fail because the inception is completely antedated and sentimental.

Build houses, and the slums will clear themselves. There is plenty of cheap land, vacant or potentially blighted, lying close to the centers of the city. Build there, with all the advantages of large-scale planning, for the income of less than \$2,000 a year. The Emergency Housing Corporation can do it. If the government is to own the property after, say, forty years, let it reduce the interest rate to 3 per cent and cut out the amortization altogether. Amortization is merely a means of making the tenant pay the owner for the property. Under private ownership that is customary, inevitable, and proper. But if housing is a social matter, subject to the police power of the state—the right of eminent domain—why should not the government finance it as it does other public buildings, through bond issues and taxes? Why, if it is a social question, should the poorest tenants be called on to carry the entire burden unshared by the rest of the population? The buildings can be built for a hundred years' service; and with the convertible construction common to factories, skyscrapers, and small office buildings, obsolescence need not be seriously considered. With such money rates tax exemption would not be necessary, and the municipal burden would be eased. The private owner would not have to fear competition, for public housing would reach a rent level that he could not, even today with government assistance and fairly cheap money, begin to touch.

The slums, drained further of population, would either fall in price to their real value and so become available for large-scale slum clearance, or else would convert themselves upward to other uses, as has happened in Greenwich Village, Sutton Place, and elsewhere. It is likely that in the long run a policy of clearing slums through malnutrition rather than by forcible feeding would inure to the benefit of real estate in general through the arresting of blight, the use of vacant properties, the improvement in the tax situation. But it is doubtful if the real-estate interests will see it that way, having achieved the immediacy of self-interest in the Municipal Housing Authority. Well, let 'em eat cake!

Keeping Hitler Out of Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, January 21

DOLLFUSS, the miniature Canute, still pushes back the Nazi waves. Seemingly in a hopeless position, the little man continues his gritty fight to maintain the independence of Austria. Six months ago my friends thought I was suffering from a mild attack of recklessness when I predicted that Dollfuss would easily see the year through. I would hesitate now to give him another six months so uncompromisingly. But the odds are still slightly in his favor; he is a very adhesive fellow, and he may stick it through.

The Nazi campaign has continued with unabashed and unabated violence. Bombs splatter us. Not many people are injured but the fireworks are a nuisance. They drain confidence from the government. They tempt hooligans to further hooliganism. And the government, I must say, has behaved with appalling lenience. An official communiqué recently regretted the necessity of jailing rebellious Nazis; it mentioned Austria's hope that the Nazi invasion could be handled in a "knightly" spirit. Knightly spirit my eyeball! The only treatment a Nazi understands is a mallet on his head.

"This country," said a rueful friend, new to Vienna, recently, "is the damndest place I've ever seen." Here were Dollfuss and Fey, he pointed out, fighting for their lives and the life of their country. Yet they persist in being gentlemen. After temporizing for some months they finally nabbed and pinched the chief Nazi, Frauenfeld. I do not say that Herr Frauenfeld should have been strung up; I do say that he should have been given more than a few weeks' imprisonment. And he was promptly amnestied at Christmas. Arrested again, in circumstances shortly to be described, he received again a ridiculously light sentence. Thousands of known Nazi agitators are roaming Austria almost immune to arrest. The only victim so far of the new death-penalty decree has been a half-wit peasant arsonist. And President Miklas, the good soul, was so upset at not having exercised clemency for this miscreant that he canceled all engagements—refusing to turn up, for instance, at the official dinner given him by the new American Minister.

The Austrians are, in short, a gentle people. They are given to extreme forms of that casualness known as *Schlamperei*. They turn the other cheek. They appeal for "knightliness" in dealing with their enemies. Contrast this with the methods of Nazis in Germany to their opponents!

Writing a few months ago I said that Dollfuss faced three great dangers—the apathy of his own people, the strategic difficulty of fighting a civil and an external action at the same time, and the crushing burden of the economic crisis. These dangers remain. Add to them a fourth—treason.

This is the only interpretation one can give to the recent shocking revelation of wholesale defection in the Heimwehr. Frauenfeld was caught negotiating with a German emissary from Berlin and a certain Count Alberti, chief of the Lower Austrian Heimwehr and close friend of Prince Starhemberg, supreme Heimwehr leader and would-be main-

stay of the Dollfuss government. Alberti was fired from his post and jailed. Promptly he accused Starhemberg himself of being privy to this anti-Dollfuss treachery. A leader named Kubuczek was appointed to take Alberti's place. We newspapermen cabling the story were stunned; we knew that Kubuczek too was secretly a Nazi sympathizer. A few days later Kubuczek was fired and jailed. So it goes. Sections of the Heimwehr are rotten to the heart. Dollfuss, depending on them, is like a man walking in a marsh. We, most of us, think that Starhemberg—despite Alberti's allegations—is loyal, although a trouble-maker and a weakling; we know that Fey is loyal; but how can Dollfuss and Fey do business if they can't trust their nearest Heimwehr subordinates?

This mess is peculiarly dangerous because it plays directly into the hands of what is apparently the new Nazi plan of campaign. The Germans seem to have given up all thought of frontal attack, that is, invasion across the border. Jules Cambon once wrote: "The Germans do not want a war; all they want are the advantages of victory." Why risk a major European clash now, when Germany is not ready, if Austria can be taken just as easily by guile? Instead of a war or putsch, let the Nazis continue to infiltrate and corrupt the Heimwehr. Let them build up a Heimwehr intrigue behind Dollfuss and stab him in the back. Let there then be a Heimwehr government to succeed him. Some months later let perhaps one Nazi minister enter this government. Then two. Then let there be an election. The Nazis, using their well-known methods, would sweep the country. But it will have been purely an "internal" evolution; the Powers will have no pretext for protest.

Dollfuss and his crowd realize this danger, but they think that Italian support offsets it. They rely above all on foreign help, particularly the help of Mussolini. It is everywhere assumed that Italy would march to Austria's aid in the event of final Nazi encroachment in Austria. Mussolini, the bright boys say, cannot possibly endure strong Germany instead of weak Austria on the Brenner Pass. Mussolini must have a buffer Austria between himself and Germany. Mussolini cannot possibly permit the creation of a Teutonic bloc in Central Europe 72,500,000 strong. And so on. My own notion is that it is highly dangerous to place such reliance on Italian support, and that the position of Italy as Lord High Protector of Austria is distinctly dubious. There are several reasons for this:

1. As pointed out above, the German attack is almost certain to be gradual and devious, not direct, so that it will be extremely difficult for Italy or any other Power to choose an exact moment for intervention. It is not easy to accept the onus of starting a new war without adequate international excuse. The Nazis will do their best to make the Austrian affair a "purely Austrian" issue. The Germans will violate no treaties, give Italy no legal leg to stand on.

2. Italy might easily go to war if Naples, for instance, or Trieste, were seized by some invader. But would Italy fight at some point like Kufstein or Salzburg hundreds of miles from Italian soil, on an issue not directly Italian?

3. Mussolini, no fool, does not want a war this year. Austria is important to him, but not so important as Italy, which conceivably he might lose in the flames of a general European conflagration. Dictators, in fact, seldom enjoy war, however much they shout about it. The reason is obvious: dictators have a healthy fear of a general mobilization which would arm their proletariats.

4. If Mussolini invaded Austria to protect it from Germany, Yugoslavia would probably also invade Austria to protect it from Italy. Which would be a nice mess. A war on two fronts is not exactly what even the wildest Italian chauvinist desires.

5. Italy is, after all, an ally of Germany. It is not impossible that Germany and Italy can reach some compromise on the Austrian problem. Germany might "give" Italy something in return for a free hand in Austria. Mussolini, ally of both Hitler and Dollfuss, could conceivably become a bridge between them.

6. France and Czecho-Slovakia have as much reason as Italy to dread a *Gleichschaltung* of Austria. If a show-down comes, all three are likely to bicker and delay, waiting for one to pull the other's chestnuts from the fire. Italy, France, and Czecho-Slovakia by no means see eye to eye save on the Austrian problem; there is no binding agreement between them even on Austria; the chances are that none of the three would act decisively until too late.

It may seem from these remarks that the Dollfuss cause is lost. Not so. The Heimwehr treason may turn out to be a help to the government. Dollfuss will purge the Heimwehr, even if he has to put the whole outfit in a concentration camp; he might even throw the Heimwehr out—though this is a remote possibility—and make some sort of working arrangement with the Social Democrats. The powerful diplomatic support of Italy is assured, even if military measures should not be counted on. The Vatican has swung the whole weight of its immense authority behind Dollfuss—and Dollfuss rules a country 97 per cent Roman Catholic. And the Germans continue to behave with masterful stupidity. Consider one item: the 1,000-mark fine imposed on Germans visiting Austria. This was supposed to hurt the Austrian tourist business. It did. But it also helped Austria greatly by keeping out of the country tens of thousands of German visitors who would inevitably have been powerful, because unofficial, pro-German and anti-Austrian propagandists. The German terrorist campaign in several ways defeats itself. It gives Dollfuss a better excuse to maintain his semi-dictatorship, and it serves to back the country, as I think I put it once before, against the wall of its own patriotism.

Dollfuss has, too, a final unused weapon—Otto Hapsburg. There is a good deal of monarchist talk in Vienna these days. Dollfuss, like most Austrian Catholics, is at heart a legitimist, and the chief members of his Cabinet avowedly favor an eventual Hapsburg restoration. Zita and Otto seem to have given up Hungary for the moment and are concentrating all their maneuvers on Austria. Otto would give Austria something permanent to devote itself to. One of Dollfuss's weaknesses is that his program is so negative; he is anti-Nazi but little else. On other points, like opposition to the Socialists, the Nazis with the same policy overwhelm him because their methods are so much stronger; Dollfuss needs something positive, something permanent, like the Crown. I do not mean that a restoration is imminent. But

it is not excluded as an eventuality. The Hapsburgs would, of course, choke Hitler sentiment at once.

More immediately, Dollfuss could vastly strengthen his position by an alliance with the Social Democrats. He and they are after all fighting for the same thing—to keep the Nazis out. A coalition has been impossible so far because of the Heimwehr. This week the faint beginnings of a Dollfuss-Otto Bauer flirtation seem to be discernible. Each, in characteristically Austrian fashion, is waiting for the other to open the door. The Socialists must be convinced that the government's plans for a corporative state under the new constitution now being prepared do not imperil the position of trade unions. Dollfuss must be convinced that an alliance would not mean his own suicide.

The Socialists, who are now inclined to regret that they did not call a general strike when there was still time, in March, have been very badly treated. They refrained from opposition to Dollfuss when he was weakest; they tacitly supported him against the Nazis; their reward has been a barrage of petty decrees nibbling at their hard-won achievements, harassing their leaders and newspapers. But the Socialists know full well that Dollfuss has been better for them than Hitler. There is no terror in Austria. Dollfuss has not murdered any Social Democrats yet. And it is ridiculous to say that "Austrian fascism"—which hardly exists—is as bad as Nazi fascism.

People are accusing me of being unwarrantedly pro-Dollfuss. I should like to explain my position, if it matters to anyone. I admire the courage and tenacity of the little man; I deplore his reactionary parochialism. I think it is the greatest of pities that he has alienated those democratic elements in the country who should be his best allies. I should like extremely to see a Social Democratic Austria, if the Social Democrats only had enough guts for government. Dollfuss arose as the only man in the country capable of keeping the Nazis out. And I, personally, take the perhaps mean position that it is better to be suppressed than murdered. For the Nazis to take Austria would be a major European tragedy. Therefore, regretting much in his policy, I support Dollfuss so long as he does his job, the supreme job of saving Austria from Hitler.

Finally, as always, there is the discouraging matter of economics. Austria fights not only the Nazis; it fights the peace treaties. Day by day come tragic items in the news illustrating Austria's poverty. In Vienna, with almost 2,000,000 people, only 800 families are well-to-do enough to have three or more servants. Out of 10,000 travelers on the railways last year, 102 went second class, 5 went first class. There were more than 1,000 suicides in Vienna in 1933, and more than 3,000 attempts at suicide. The peasants cannot sell their wood. Timber is Austria's chief crop, and it does not rot; lying in neat piles before the windows of those who felled the trees, it is a constant and terrible reminder of the poverty of the shrunken country. The national trade-balance deficit is staggering. Austria must import almost twice what it exports. If relief of some sort does not come, collapse is almost sure. The peasants and the poor townsmen have withstood Nazi propaganda this year, but they will turn to anyone who promises them a better time next year. Thus if Austria goes Nazi it will be another item in retribution—another answer of revengeful Germany to the injustices of the Treaty of Versailles.

The Second Five-Year Plan

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, January 15

THE Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (January to February, 1934) will stand out in history as the assembly which adopted the second five-year plan. The chorus of jeers and derisive skepticism which greeted the first "Piatiletka" in 1928 is now too distant and unreal to be recalled. Soviet performances between 1928 and 1933 warrant every intelligent observer of world affairs in giving serious study to this second quinquennial program of production and construction, which proposes to make the U. S. S. R. "the most advanced industrial nation in Europe." (The slogan "Overtake and surpass America" has apparently been postponed till the third plan.)

The second Piatiletka embraces 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, and 1937. It is therefore one-fifth fulfilment and four-fifths blueprint. The emphasis of the plan, as was to have been expected, is on the production of consumers' goods. Light industries will increase their output by an annual average of 21.9 per cent, which is more than the first plan provided for and more than the increase in heavy industry during the second plan. By the end of 1937 every Soviet citizen is promised the possibility of buying two and a half to three times as many manufactured commodities and food articles as he can acquire at present.

The attaining of this goal is put up to the population itself. The first plan gave "security for the morrow." Today the raising of material and cultural levels "depends solely on the quality and quantity of labor expended" by the workers and collectivized peasants. The first plan stressed the manufacture of machines which make machines and which could neither be eaten nor worn. Individual initiative accordingly required some artificial stimulation. Since the Soviet Union registered, nevertheless, such gigantic economic advances in those trying years, the Bolsheviks are fully convinced that now, when every worker will see the results of his toil in a steady improvement of his standard of living, the fulfilment of the second plan is certain.

This assumption enabled the Soviets to draft the new plan on a scale much more ambitious and grandiose than that of the first. The task is truly colossal. On December 31, 1932, at the close of the first plan, Soviet industry had a production capacity of goods worth 43 billion rubles in the more or less stable currency of 1926-27. By 1937 this figure will have risen to 103 billion in the same currency. More than half of the total—55 per cent—will be in the form of consumers' goods. This 55 per cent stands for 54,300,000,000 rubles, which means that if it were divided among, say, 175,000,000 inhabitants—a conservative estimate for 1937—every Soviet citizen would receive manufactured articles worth 308 almost uninflated rubles of 1926-27. This sounds like very little. But if one considers that it goes to men, women, and children, urban and rural population, Muscovites and nomad Kazaks, Polar Samoyeds and semi-civilized Yakuts who scarcely buy anything, the average is high. It is about 280 per cent of the present average. Moreover, the sum of 308 rubles refers only to

the output of "the chief branches of industry." It would probably not include such things as pencils, ice skates, or collar buttons. Nor does it take into account local manufactures, which the Bolsheviks unwisely discouraged for a period but which are now called upon to triple their output in the next four years. In addition, the agricultural yield will double. The grain harvest alone is expected to amount to 110,000,000 metric tons in 1937, compared to 89,800,000 tons in 1933 and 60,000,000 in 1932. The value of the technical crops—cotton, flax, and so forth—and of dairy products will more than double. After food, clothing, and household furnishings have been paid for, persons gainfully employed will spend the rest of their income on better housing and amusement facilities, more traveling, vacations, and the like, all of which are envisaged by the second plan.

By 1937 the U. S. S. R. will produce annually 40,000 complicated metal-cutting lathes, 167,000 fifteen-horse-power tractors (73,000 actually produced in 1933), 25,000 agricultural combines, 2,900 locomotives, 200,000 automobiles (50,000 in 1933), 38,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity, 152,000,000 tons of coal (76,000,000 in 1933, 36,000,000 in 1928), 18,000,000 tons of pig iron (7,250,000 tons in 1933—the Soviet Union has already far outdistanced Great Britain in pig-iron production—3,370,000 in 1928), 19,000,000 tons of steel (6,920,000 tons in 1933, 4,280,000 in 1928), 14,000,000 tons of rolled steel (4,800,000 tons in 1933), 47,000,000 tons of petroleum, 155,000 tons of copper, 43,000,000 cubic meters of timber, and so on.

Even more impressive is the program for new building. Maximum attention will be paid to transport, the weakest link in the Soviet industrial chain. Five thousand kilometers of steam railway will be electrified; 9,500 kilometers will be double-tracked; 8,500 kilometers of sidelines will be laid; 11,000 kilometers of new railroad will be constructed, thus increasing the length of Soviet lines from 83,000 kilometers on January 1, 1933, to 94,000 on January 1, 1938. Work will continue on the 127-kilometer Volga-Moscow canal, an undertaking, according to Valeri Mezhaik, greater in scope and presenting more difficulties than the Panama Canal. Work will commence immediately on the 100-kilometer Volga-Don canal, which will connect the whole of Central Russia with the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Ships will pass in 1937 from the Arctic Ocean through the heart of Russia to Persia and from Leningrad to Constantinople.

The number of automobiles, today 75,000, will mount to 580,000 by the end of the second Piatiletka, and so that these cars may travel faster, 210,000 kilometers of arterial highways will be built. Also 87,000 kilometers of regular airlines will be established. Finally, to enable man to move within as well as on and above the earth, the Moscow subway, Russia's first, will be completed. Its first trains are scheduled to run on November 7, 1934.

The Ford factory at Nijni Novgorod (history has been needlessly mutilated and the name of the town changed to Gorki) will be expanded to produce 300,000 automobiles instead of the present 100,000. The capacity of the Amo

works in Moscow will similarly be enlarged from 50,000 to 80,000 trucks annually. Ufa, the capital of Bashkiria, and Stalingrad will each have a "giant" capable of manufacturing 100,000 three-ton motor lorries a year; Samara a new factory for 25,000 five-ton trucks. Seventy-nine regional hydroelectric power stations are scheduled for construction; 178 new coal mines with an output of 143,000,000 tons annually will be sunk; 4,000 kilometers of oil pipe-lines and a large number of petroleum refineries are included in the second plan. Four big metallurgical plants will be started; also an endless number of units for the production of non-ferrous metals—a 100,000-ton copper enterprise in Kazakhstan, for instance—and chemicals.

Fifteen cotton-goods factories, each containing 200,000 spindles, will be erected, ten of them in Central Asia near the source of supply; twelve woollens factories manufacturing from 8,000,000 to 15,000,000 meters of cloth each; eleven silk mills; and twelve shoe factories with an annual capacity of 100,000,000 pairs. Together with current output this will mean an average of more than one pair per person in twelve months. The end of the plan will likewise see a tremendous array of new factories for sugar, meat, canning, tanning, soap-making, candy, cake.

This second Piatiletka does not really develop the usual mad "Bolshevik" tempo of construction until its latter half—about the middle of 1935. The year 1934 prolongs the relative "lull" of 1933. Scores of big projects begun during the first plan will be finished before the "giants" of the second begin to rise. Thus the building of the new automobile plants and the extension of the old will not be started before 1935. Similarly, most of the new mines will be dug so late in the second plan that they will not yield their full effect until the third—1938-42. In 1934 the government will concentrate its efforts on the canals, railways, and roads, the beginning of three enormous iron and steel mills, a 100,000,000-ruble Institute of Experimental Medicine in Moscow, the Moscow Palace of the Soviets, the great Volga dam at Yaroslav, and above all on plants producing consumers' goods. The period of 1933-34, accordingly, is a "breathing space" characterized by a comparatively smaller capital investment in heavy industry and by the acceleration of light industry; this is so that the population can satisfy its craving for daily necessities, that the ruble can be finally stabilized, and that the country can get its "second wind" for 1935, 1936, and 1937, the assumption being that by 1935 the exchange of commodities between city and village will have been sufficiently regularized to warrant renewed rapid construction without further inflation and without the enormous sacrifices of the first plan. The hope is, too, that if the capitalist world crisis has not abated enough in 1935 to enable the Soviets to obtain credits for the purchase of foreign machinery, then by that time domestic industries will be in a position, albeit with difficulty and a sacrifice of quality, to supply the needed equipment.

This postponement is wise from every point of view. For the chief purpose of this plan is immediately to raise living standards. To insure against even the slightest possibility of a return of unemployment, the second Piatiletka contemplates an increase of 30 per cent in the number of workingmen and employees. Retail prices will undergo a reduction of from 35 to 40 per cent, and real wages will be doubled. Cultural, educational, and social benefits will be

increased. The guaranty that these are not merely empty promises lies in the temporary restriction of heavy industrial construction.

A contented population conscious of a steady improvement in living conditions in the finest defense against the success of a foreign attack. The Bolsheviks are aware of this truism. They know, too, that a modern army fights on its factories. And the location of these factories is a matter of tremendous importance. The distribution of the plants provided for under the second plan reveals therefore a great deal that is hidden in the Bolshevik mind. Practically no new heavy industrial construction will be undertaken in Leningrad, Moscow, White Russia, or the Ukraine. After all, Odessa would be a bad place for a locomotive or automobile works. A foreign fleet could easily blow it into smithereens. And Moscow was once captured by Napoleon; a second Bonaparte might do a better job. The Ukraine still has very large natural resources—the untouched Kursk magnetic-iron deposits, for instance—but even its Donetz basin, the Soviets' richest coal field, will be somewhat neglected. In 1932 it produced 75 per cent of the country's coal. In 1937 the percentage will fall to 65 per cent, and the Siberian output will rise correspondingly. In fact, almost all Soviet heavy industrial construction between now and 1937 will be concentrated in the Volga and Ural-Siberian regions, which are more inaccessible to foreign attack. Alone the Ural-Kuznetsk district will swallow one-fourth of the entire capital investment of the second five-year plan, and in 1937 it is expected to produce one-third of the U. S. S. R.'s pig iron, one-fourth of its coal, and one-tenth of its machinery. Of the three new automobile factories, two are on the Volga and one in Siberia. Of the five new railway trunklines, four are in Asia. The Volga is the center of the great electrification scheme of the second Piatiletka. Of course these areas possess vast undeveloped resources and it is statesmanship to exploit them, but it is no accident that the Soviet Government is creating a second metallurgical base and expanding its railway network in Siberia. The central Volga region also connects up with the Far East. Apparently the Bolsheviks do not erase war from their accounts; they feel that history still holds in store for the world a war or two in which the U. S. S. R. might become involved. And while they are not undisturbed about the west, they realize that the greater menace is on their weaker eastern flank.

This being so, the second five-year plan has overlooked one consideration—a human one. The center of gravity of Soviet industry and Soviet population will inevitably shift into Asia—which means incidentally that bolshevism is fulfilling its historic mission of Westernizing the Orient—and hundreds of thousands of workers, engineers, teachers, and professional people will have to settle in or east of the Urals. It is no secret, however, that a citizen of Leningrad or Moscow must be given a million promises before he will consent to move into Siberia, and usually he will go only if he can return after two or three years to his metropolitan apartment, which the government undertakes to keep for him in the meantime. One cannot blame him. Russians do not want to exchange the theaters, libraries, educational facilities, and comforts of a modern city for a bivouac in Siberia. The second plan should have provided for the transformation of Sverdlovsk into a Soviet Chicago and of Stalingrad into a Soviet Detroit with at least as many amenities as the capital

or Leningrad offer. To be sure, the new Piatiletka foresees endless housing and municipal projects. There is no emphasis, however, on the establishment of a second industrial capital, and that may prove a serious omission.

The description of the plan as published over the signatures of Premier Molotov and of Kuibishev, the president of the State Planning Commission, ends with a strange contradiction. We were told a year or two ago that the end of the second Piatiletka would see the end of the class society. Now this fiction is repeated. The scheme promises the "liquidation of all capitalist elements and of classes in general." I am ready to believe that all capitalist elements will be finally suppressed. But if the classes are to disappear, why does a closely following paragraph speak of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the need of strengthening it? The dictatorship is necessary only to prevent hostile classes from obstructing the progress to socialism. I incline to the view that the dictatorship of the proletariat will still be with us after 1937. Actual capitalists may not remain, but capitalist psychology will. Above all, and despite the anticipated growth, the rich plenty without which socialism would be a caricature will not yet have been achieved. But if the Bolsheviks carry out the plan—even though they fail to introduce the socialist millennium by 1937—they can well be gratified.

The Intelligent Traveler

By JOHN ROTHSCILD

THERE are two sorts of travel. Recreation is a legitimate end in itself, and if one prefers to rest and play in another country than one's own and has the means to do it, the world is full of playgrounds. But Americans are beginning to appreciate what, for lack of a more imaginative term, must be identified as "educational travel." Unquestionably we are more concerned with ideas than we used to be. We are no longer isolated provincials, but citizens of the world who feel the necessity of relating our personal activities to those of the world at large.

A person who knows either French or German, who has plenty of time, and who has prepared himself properly usually profits most by traveling alone, unattached to anyone of his own nationality. Most of us have considerable resistance to new relationships, and a fellow-traveler is a counter-magnet which pulls us back to the familiar. The person going on his own must make experiments, risking loss of time and indefiniteness of cost. He can reduce these hazards, however, by the right kind of preparation. A number of cultural organizations stand ready to assist him in rounding out his mental picture of the countries he expects to visit, if he will take the trouble to discover them. Many of them furnish information and contacts gratis as an incidental part of their work; others are membership organizations in which nominal dues are charged for extraordinary services. The following list, while not complete, is suggestive:

For students, the Institute of International Education, 2 West Forty-fifth Street; the National Student Federation, 218 Madison Avenue; the National Student Service, 140 Nassau Street. For information about Russia, the American Russian Institute, 56 West Forty-fifth Street, and the In-

stitute of Pacific Relations, 129 East Fifty-second Street, which also takes the Orient as its special field; for Latin American countries, the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, 112 East Nineteenth Street; for the British Empire, the English-Speaking Union, 19 West Forty-fourth Street; for Scandinavian countries, the American Scandinavian Foundation, 116 East Sixty-fourth Street; for Italy, the Italy America Society, 301 Park Avenue. All addresses are in New York City.

For Europe and Russia there is a completely rounded service given by the Open Road, 56 West Forty-fifth Street. This organization will budget a trip so that the financial uncertainties of setting out alone are appreciably reduced. Through a network of relationships with organizations and key individuals abroad it gives advice, concrete help, and introductions. To take an extreme example: a gastroenterologist wishes to spend next summer in Europe consulting the best authorities and seeing the best clinical work in his field. In each city on his foreign itinerary an Open Road representative helps him get settled, makes appointments with the best men in his field, or if time has been allowed, may even warn him in advance of arrival that the work has been discontinued. Probably in no case will the representative be a gastroenterologist, or even a physician, but he will be the kind of person who knows his city. This may sound elementary, but there has been more than one unhappy instance of a student sent abroad to work with a specialist who no longer taught, or to study a project that had been abandoned. Less important but no less irritating are the difficulties of personal and academic adjustment which hamper the student's work, and which such a service can smooth away.

In pursuing a cultural study—say, modern textile design—the very wealth of material often bewilders and deceives. If given time the Open Road will make a reconnaissance of the field and suggest the places, institutions, and foreign experts that are likely to prove most worth while. The prospective traveler can dig up a good deal of this information for himself if he has the right professional connections, but even so there is much checking to be done. The work best known over here may be inferior to work that has been less widely advertised, or it may have been abandoned or vulgarized, or superseded by something not yet known in America. The Open Road is a membership organization, like most of those listed above. It is non-profit-making and subsidized, but since its work is highly specialized and expensive, the traveler is expected to bear a proportionate cost by becoming a member.

There are conditions under which the traveler gets more from his trip by going with a group. If he decides for reasons of time, or purse, or inexperience, or delight in comradeship to go with a party, he faces a paralyzing array of organized tours from which to choose. The only advice that can be given him is to knock on many doors, and not take the first tour that issues an attractive brochure or advertises a distinguished leader. A group led by the foremost man in the field is an unhappy choice if it is badly managed, too large, carelessly recruited, or excessive in cost. This is the same problem that confronts a student selecting a law school. It must be solved in the same way, by looking for intrinsic values.

The important thing for the person who is seeking to broaden his experience by travel is not on what boat he sails

or in which hotel he stops; it is the opportunity afforded him for real understanding of the people and the country he will visit. It is a good general rule that the cheapest and most common means of travel offer the largest return in human values. Recently an authoritative student of economic policy surprised her friends by boarding a day coach for a trip to Mexico City. She admitted its discomforts but said that if she went by Pullman she would miss the plain people. Wagon-lit accommodations all over the world are operated for the benefit of foreigners. You can travel in them with all the comforts of home, hear English spoken, meet your own kind, and remain as untouched and unmoved by your travels as if you had never left home at all.

[This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Rothchild pointing out to Nation readers interesting and inexpensive ways of travel. The third will be published in the issue of February 28.]

In the Driftway

IT has been possible for the Drifter to accommodate himself to the changing morality of recent years—he is not excessively concerned with morals anyhow—but he has found it difficult to embrace the new economics. He grew up in the belief that thrift was a virtue, that it was not only wise from a personal standpoint but equally beneficial to one's fellows. The man who had a savings account, bought a mortgage, or invested in a Liberty bond was hailed as a good citizen, worthy of public commendation. Now, of course, that view has vanished. The man with money in a bank is a swine—unless the bank has failed—and the holder of a mortgage is a leech who ought to be boiled in oil. The only person who gets any attention from his fellows today is the one who has a mortgage he cannot meet or installments on a car he cannot pay. The debtor, if not the public's hero, is at least its protegee. He is the man for whom our whole recovery scheme is geared. We devalue the dollar in order to raise prices and enable him to extricate himself from his debts, with never a thought for the man who saved his money or failed to lose his job—out of whose hide the cost must be taken.

* * * * *

WE have gone farther than that. People must be taught henceforth to spend their money, not to save it. Dr. Alvan L. Barach has just made a "psychological study" of the depression for the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, in which he says that the country is in the "sinister grip" of "excessive thrift," which "must be broken." Any one who has a dollar in a savings bank must feel like a common thief when Dr. Barach inveighs against the "cancerous notion of thrift" and its "throttling influence." There is no course for one whose house is paid for but to jump out the top-story window.

* * * * *

OF course the Drifter has heard that this is not like other depressions. He has been made aware that we are living no longer in an economy of scarcity but in one of surplus. He vaguely comprehends, therefore, that we ought to

dissipate this public wealth which we have piled up, as rapidly as possible. But somehow this public wealth doesn't seem in any noticeable way to be in the possession of the public. The surplus the Drifter hears about is not in the homes of those whom he knows—unless his best friends won't tell him. In a dim, dumb way the Drifter surmises that there is a difference between a national surplus and a surplus in the hands of the multitudinous individuals who make up the nation. If the Drifter ever has \$10 which the landlord and the grocer aren't both reaching for at once, he will not be tempted to spend it like a drunken sailor for fear of the "cancerous notion of thrift" or its "throttling influence." Nor does the Drifter blame anyone with considerably more than \$10 for safeguarding it as long as possible. The Drifter has no exaggerated opinion of the sagacity of his fellow-Americans, but he thinks that despite all the effort to discredit the philosophy of Benjamin Franklin and all the patriotic ballyhoo to "spend now," practically nobody is going to endanger his personal economic security to help the nation get rid of its surplus. Here and there we may find an individual who will cut off his nose to spite his face, but almost nowhere do we encounter one who will cut off his nose to improve the face of that vague wraith known as the nation.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Control of Milk Cooperatives

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

In your editorial entitled *The Milk Scandal in The Nation* for January 10 you state, "The large cooperatives are, of course, controlled by the distributors and share the profits." On what evidence do you base this charge?

It is readily admitted that many of the cooperative associations selling the milk of their members to the profiteering distributors have not been as militant as they might have been in fighting for fair prices for their members. But from several years' rather intimate contact with a number of these cooperatives I believe there are other factors which explain this lack of militancy. The average board of directors of a cooperative association is generally composed of the leading farmers from the territory which it represents. Most of these men have farms of average or better than average size and are middle-aged or older. They are usually rather conservative in their outlook and are fearful of leading their organization into a move which might react unfavorably upon their own economic position and that of their farmer neighbors. They abhor violence and believe that a milk strike inevitably produces violence, and that usually the farmers come out worse off than before they struck. The simple fact of the matter is that at the present time the milk-marketing cooperatives do not have the power to force the dairy trusts to pay fair prices to the farmers, and if they did the consumers would have to provide all the profits.

The milk-marketing cooperatives charge their members brokerage for marketing their milk, and the amount of this brokerage charge is generally limited by vote of the membership; the directors have the power to fix the charge, within this maximum limit, at the amount which they find necessary properly to finance the operations of the cooperative. This brokerage charge is deducted from the milk checks of the mem-

bers, on written orders signed by them, and is not a share of the "profits" of the distributors. The associations that have had a relatively high brokerage charge, one cent per gallon, have generally served their members economically, in spite of sometimes high-paid officials, have built up substantial capital resources, and have generally been able to drive the best bargains with the dairy trust.

Palisade, N. J., January 14

GORDON H. WARD

[Cooperatives are usually organized on a membership basis with each farmer entitled to a vote in their operation. Many, however, as they have grown, have become stock organizations and assumed most of the faults of corporate control. Recent milk-code hearings have revealed that the proxy system of voting is in general use, and that the board of directors is virtually self-appointed, through stock ownership, while it has also been admitted that the familiar dodge of naming directors and letting them qualify afterward is in wide use. Voting stock has been issued without payment, and in one cooperative, the Interstate Milk Producers' Association, which controls the Philadelphia milk shed, the names of 300 dead men are still accredited with votes. Control, then, is out of the farmers' hands. Yet the cooperative, through market control, continues to frame agreements on the farmers' behalf through what amounts to coercion, since it boasts that the distributors will not recognize any independent producers' organization. These agreements universally favor the distributor, and that has been the farmer's chief dispute with the cooperative. The Interstate failed to ask 22,000 member farmers their sentiments on the now abrogated marketing code, yet signed it for them, whereupon 15,000 of the farmers revolted. Many cooperatives roll up an annual deficit of sizable proportions, despite dues and commission fees, yet pay huge salaries to their officials, liberal traveling expenses, and in some mysterious manner man-

age to exist—perhaps because their fees are received through the distributor by the check-off system. This is strong evidence of distributor influence. Most damning of all, cooperatives have forced the purchase of stock in distributors' corporations and holding companies upon the farmer under threat of cutting off his market. Cooperative directors have boasted of preventing or breaking strikes in the Chicago area; in New York and western Pennsylvania they have forced member farmers into bankruptcy by abrupt mortgage foreclosures and calling of notes. An audit of the books of the Interstate reveals that in sixteen years, while farm prices were falling more rapidly than the commodity index, and the distributors' spread of profits was increasing, not a single attempt was made to remedy this obviously unfair situation. All this may be due to the conservatism of the cooperative directors. The point is that the farmer, himself a member of the cooperative, emphatically does not think so.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Plea for Inflation

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Why should *The Nation* be liberal on everything but the money question? It is hard to see why progressivism in politics and economics should make an absolute exception as to money. After reading carefully the articles by Villard and Stewart, and the editorial Fatter Prices and Thinner Dollars, one would think that the money question was an absolutely closed book and that all its principles were known and their effect completely charted by experience. As an orthodox anti-inflationist, *The Nation* makes the circulars sent out by the big banks appear mild.

Now I happen to live in a section of the country where the sentiment is prevailingly for inflation. Senator Norris favors the issuing of greenbacks to pay that portion of the national debt now falling due. This seems a trifle radical to some of us, but when I find *The Nation*, so "radical" in other things, lined up uncompromisingly with Wall Street on the money question, I can't help being perplexed. When the United States Chamber of Commerce came out against Roosevelt's money policy, Will Rogers spoke for all the West when he said that we knew right then that the President was right.

I think it obvious that a new chapter is being written on money and we are going to accept its findings. It seems to us clear that the iron logic of conditions has forced us to seek a new standard of value and a new level of prices. Spin as many fine theories as we may, by the close of 1932 deflation had done its perfect work and the country was broke. Only a bank moratorium and a strong injection of the adrenalin of an inflationary psychology saved us from going completely over the brink. What is the use of theorizing now about inflation? We are already inflated. Would *The Nation* have us deflate back to the old standard? In fact, just what does *The Nation* want? Out here we agree heartily with the President. We do not believe we have to consider deflation as an act of God any more than we have to consider inflation *per se* an act of the devil. The boast of Mr. Villard that *The Nation* stood for hard money in the 70's does not at all impress us as a good reason for standing for an undeviating gold standard in 1933. "Time makes ancient good uncouth."

Mr. Roosevelt is trying to give us a 1926 level of prices. If we are ever to pay our debts, we must have a much higher level than the one we now groan under. If *The Nation* can think of a better plan to this end, why not trot it out, instead of pointing with pride to an ancient attitude and an equally outworn political economy?

Lincoln, Neb., January 20

W. T. DAVIS

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Midwinter Book Section

Stephen Dedalus and James Joyce

By WILLIAM TROY

TO say that undoubtedly the greatest advantage of having "Ulysses" on public sale in this country* is that it enables more people to read the book is not such an obvious statement as it may at first sound. For Joyce's masterpiece, although it has certainly been the most reviled, the most admired, and the most generally discussed work of our generation, has been at the same time one of the least read—in the sense of a patient, conscientious, and thoughtful examination of its contents. Of course there has never been any reason to expect that it should be widely read by the popular reading public: it makes too many demands on the intellect, the sensibility, and the experience of the average reader. Nor will all the efforts to endow it with the fascination of the occult, which seems to be the object behind the many "keys," commentaries, and esoteric interpretations that have appeared, succeed in our enlightened age in earning for it the kind of reputation which the golden book of Vergil enjoyed in the Middle Ages. And even as an intellectual game, a substitute for the crossword puzzle, the book must remain an exercise for more or less superior wits. One does not refer, therefore, either to the so-called plain reader or to his guides in expressing the belief that "Ulysses" has not been as carefully studied as it might have been in the twelve years since its publication. The reference is rather to the number of serious and informed critics all during that period who have concentrated on one or another separate aspect of the work without attempting to weigh for us the meaning or final implications of the work as a whole.

The most common confusion into which the discussion of the work has fallen is the result of the failure to distinguish between Stephen Dedalus, who is one of its three principal characters, and James Joyce, who is its author. It is a confusion that it is not very difficult to understand; for Stephen Dedalus is not only one of the most perfectly realized characters in modern fiction but also the character with whom the modern reader can most easily identify himself. The influence of Joyce on other writers, for example, has been almost exclusively the influence of the character of Stephen Dedalus, and not of the characters of Leopold and Molly Bloom, although these two characters are certainly of equal importance in the structure of his work. In other words, the modern writer, finding in the mental and psychological state of Stephen as rendered by Joyce such a precise duplicate of his own, has been quick to assume that this must also be the permanent mental and psychological state of his creator. It has been too seldom recognized that quite distinct from whatever special interest he may have as the Hamlet *de nos jours*, Stephen is one character among others in an objectively constructed work of fiction; that he is only a part of a whole, and not the whole itself; and that even whatever development of his character occurs is necessarily subordinate to the total development of the work. Now it need hardly be remarked that if a few of the many imitators

of Joyce's style and method had shown some awareness of this fact we should probably have been spared that chaotic and artistically meaningless overflow of sensibility which has passed for fiction in recent years. But the point at present is that the failure to recognize "Ulysses" for what it is—perhaps the most objective work of fiction ever created, a work about which it is impossible to say that it is written in such and such a style, since it is written in as many styles as there are characters and situations to be rendered—is what is most responsible for the habit of ascribing to its author a psychology and point of view which really belong to one of his characters *at a certain stage in his development*.

This confusion has most recently reasserted itself in the concerted effort on the part of several American critics to bury Joyce, along with the other major writers of his generation, in the interests of a strictly contemporary view of the artist and his relations to the society of his time. According to these critics Joyce is no longer eligible as a "guide" for contemporary writers. Like Baudelaire, Henry James, Sarah Orne Jewett, Hermann Melville, Lewis Carroll, and almost every other writer of the last few centuries whose name comes to mind, Joyce declined to participate in the social and economic struggles of his age, preferring to express the personality which this age had molded in the terms of an obscure and aristocratic art. In Joyce's case the refusal to engage in action, or in that form of action which is called propaganda, was particularly obdurate in view of the unusual opportunities which his country offered. "How much have we lost because Stephen drew back from the revolution that attracted him?" we are asked to contemplate. How much have we lost because he indulged the trinity of personality-vices which an analysis of his temperament reveals—"pride, contempt, ambition"? If we can no longer admire the artist whose work has been motivated by these essentially individualistic vices, it is because our whole notion of the artist's role in society has undergone a profound change. The tradition to which Joyce must be assigned is the nineteenth-century tradition which believed not only that the artist was a privileged member of society, immune from all moral and social responsibility, but also that he was the high priest of a cult or religion—the religion of art. In rejecting this tradition we must reject Joyce—or at least we must reject him if we accept the picture that has just been given, which is the picture drawn for us by the ultra-Marxist wing of recent American criticism.

But it may be that we need not accept such a picture as a true picture of the author of "Ulysses," although as a picture of Stephen Dedalus there is little in it to which we might object. What is not taken into account in such an analysis, of course, is the fact that the "morbid-minded aesthete and embryo philosopher" of the morning, afternoon, and evening of June 16, 1904, is not, and could not be, the author of the mature, harmonious, and extraordinarily robust work of art that is "Ulysses." It takes no account of

*"Ulysses." By James Joyce. Random House. \$3.50.

the important spiritual progression that has taken place in Stephen's consciousness on this momentous day—a progression which reaches its climax in one of the three great moments of inner dramatic crisis in the work.

For each of the three major characters there is such a moment of intense psychological crisis, marking the most extreme degree of anguish and confusion to which the gradually accumulated conflicts of each of them attain. If Stephen's crisis is the first that is presented to us, it is because his particular conflicts have been raging with intolerable force all day and because the structure requires that it be over with before the theme can be advanced to its resolution. As everyone who has studied the work knows, Stephen's long agony reaches its climax at that moment in the celebrated scene in Bella Cohen's brothel (page 567 in the present edition of the text) when he turns from the women around him, brushes away the persistent ghost of his mother, and screams out the single word "*Nothing!*"

He lifts his ashplant high with both hands and smashes the chandelier. Time's livid final flame leaps and, in the following darkness, ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry.

This gesture that Stephen makes marks not only an end but a beginning. It symbolizes his exorcism of the past: the images in which the ideals of race, religion, and education have clothed themselves will never again appear to haunt him. Although he will never be altogether free from "history," history will no longer be the nightmare that it has been for him. Not only has his center of gravity been displaced, as he remarks a little while afterwards, but it will never be the same again. And for this reason we may say that at this moment Stephen Dedalus, as we have known him up to this scene, vanishes from existence, and the author of "*Ulysses*" is born. Or, if we persist in referring to them as one and the same person, we may say that whatever Stephen Dedalus produces thereafter must come out of a different world, a world of brighter and more tangible human substance, in which the tired ghosts of Aristotle and Aquinas will have to make room for Leopold and Molly Bloom.

For "*Ulysses*" does not end with that gesture with which Stephen seems to smash to earth not only the chandelier in a Dublin brothel but also the whole unsteady weight of Western European culture that has been bearing down on his brain. He has yet to have his encounter with Leopold Bloom, an encounter that is to lead to his attainment of a new and different state of grace from that he had enjoyed in the far-off days of the "*Portrait*." He has yet to acquire that richness of perception and understanding which will enable him to write the last glowing pages of Molly Bloom's monologue, with which, finally, the book does come to its end. If we desire to seek the real meaning of Stephen's career, therefore, it is to these last pages that we must turn—not to those sections in which he has traced out his tortured and difficult evolution as an artist, but to his final magnificent reassertion, in the terms of the most objective art, of the ultimate triumph of reality over whatever ideas or systems of ideas the mind may attempt to impose on it.

The last word on the last page of this book of almost eight hundred pages is Molly's word "*Yes,*" and because it is the last word in the book we may feel secure in believing that it is also Joyce's last word as a man and as an artist. To

identify Joyce with the backward-moving direction in modern letters, to align him with the party of sterility and death, can only seem, therefore, like a grievous blunder on the part of those interested in the creation of a society which will not perpetuate the conditions that caused Stephen Dedalus to live out his life in "silence, exile, and cunning." For out of his pride and contempt and ambition, Joyce has given us a work which leaves us, at the end, with a still passionate faith and trust in the reality which even societies must keep in mind if they are to survive.

The Arbor

By EDA LOU WALTON

Naught but the vine root gnarled and old,
Branches died out in every way but down,
The arbor barren and the sweet fruit sold
To feast some few within a wintry town.

Twisted and woody in the solid earth,
No other way to reach now save through soil.
Life in the air, the flowering, fruity birth,
This drunkenness has ended in dark toil.

Downward to thrust, down, down to send the thong
Below the ice, below the wormy clay,
Warmth may be there, sap and the earthy strong
Delirium of violence and new day.

Time may be there to conjure and command
Such strength as for the winter will suffice
To fill this wooden vessel and its hand
Groping through shadow and through sacrifice.

Let sky hold arbor like a hollow cave
For winds' last hover and for birds, blind-dropped,
Naked of leaves such structure is a wave
Gone slowly over, and by darkness topped.

Below in passion, having touched such flame
As earth's deep core alone sends up the tap,
The ugly root moves up to mark and name
The new spring's blood and green emblazoned map.

Wild over pasture, town, and towered tomb
The wine will run, old river and dried stream
Carry the flood poured out from earthy womb
Across the dammed embankments of a dream.

The heart out of its stale eternity torn
To shape new arbors tipped against the stars,
Sees a new harvest on the threshold born
Leap purple up the bars;

Arms locked high over head, feet far apart,
All grape-enladen, sweet and strong,
The vine-crowned is the vineyard, and the mart
Arbor and mouth for song!

Two Critics in Search of an Absolute

By HORACE GREGORY

When we consider the situation of the human mind in Nature, its limited plasticity and few channels of communication with the outer world, we need not wonder that we grope for light.—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

I HAVE always considered the subtle distinction between literary critic and writer an unnecessary refinement of both terms. Like the very person of whom he writes any critic should see, read, think, feel, hear—and then make his experience known to all who read him. Nor does it harm the so-called writer if he thinks in terms of the critic, if he takes the time to summarize his own work and pass judgment upon it. He may be wrong but so may the critic, and surely that exercise should give him a renewed sense of his direction. We are now, I think, midway in a new period of criticism, and it is the duty of the critic—if he would be read—to assume the responsibilities of literature, remembering at all times that the changing of ideas into words is a creative exercise. In the past we remember Johnson, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold because they were, whatever else we may think of them, writers. As well as holding opinions they made us feel the importance of what they had to say. When I say “feel” I mean that they convinced us by use of an art that they employed, and even went so far as to develop personal qualities of style and imagination. This may be heresy.

At the risk of incurring the charge of further heresy, I choose my text from George Santayana. From his first book onward he has been continually outmoded, and perhaps that is the very reason that he always returns to us with an air of extraordinary freshness. This opening sentence from his “Poetry and Religion” seems to apply to the kind of criticism we are now reading and to the more intelligent younger critics. After a period of wavering, of liberal enthusiasms, it is good to read men who can make up their minds on any given subject, but the road they walk is so narrow that we are distracted from their objective and resent the grim duty of gaining salvation that awaits us on the high plain.

In theory the performance is of great interest, for literature is involved—as it has always been—in the larger movement. Two critics, R. P. Blackmur and Granville Hicks, know where they are going, yet both are moving away from the very medium that has given them an excuse for being. I mean literature itself, not the theory of art for art's sake. Their conception of a critic's part in controversy is one that separates them from their craft: critic is set against writer; writer against critic; and the controversy mounts in flames. Both are products of an academic revival which made itself known at the beginning of this decade, and each is the enemy of the other. What is more, they represent tendencies in contemporary criticism that either transcend or fall below their faults and virtues.

Since Mr. Blackmur is less obvious in his statement of a position, let me quote him first. In the spring of 1930, reviewing I. A. Richards's “Practical Criticism,” he wrote:

For the rest, after you have read a poem, you must then learn how either to discard it as bad or choose it to be a part of yourself as good. You have only to remember, before the act of choice, that the reading of a good poem is a discipline only less arduous than its writing.

We are to learn first how to read; but note how difficult Mr. Blackmur makes the task, how drearily the classroom windows close around us. We are not to participate (as I believe Mr. Richards urges us to do) but to learn painfully a special method, and there is always the fear of falling asleep before we are done with the first lesson. Mr. Blackmur says: “Such a beginning would be mainly occupied with the collection of data and the discussion of words.”

If I understand Mr. Blackmur correctly, his purpose is to perform an operation on a poem. The patient is stretched full-length upon the table (he need not be a butterfly on a wheel). The skilful antagonist, the surgeon, makes a well-timed incision and draws forth an entrail. Meanwhile the reasons for the patient's existence are no longer clear. We learn that he once had a lung, a heart, a bladder, and if we care to examine them, we are permitted to see and perhaps touch each vital organ as it drops into a pail. We conclude that the operation was successful but the patient is dead. The surgeon, eager to answer questions from internes, concludes that the creature died of an ulcerated tooth. Traces of bile were found in the blood, and we are assured that the analysis which followed the patient's death has met the approval of scientific order.

I agree with Mr. Blackmur that there can be but few flaws in his method of classroom procedure, and we are to remember that the title of Mr. Richards's book is “Practical Criticism,” but let us hear what Mr. Blackmur has to say of Ezra Pound in the winter, 1934, issue of *Hound and Horn*. The essay is of some length and one must draw a long breath in quoting the following conclusion:

If the uses of language include expression, communication, and the clear exhibition of ideas, Mr. Pound is everywhere a master of his medium so long as the matter in hand is not his own, is translation or paraphrase; everywhere else, whether in putting his translations together or in original material, the language has an air of solipsism and bewildered intent.

What Mr. Blackmur is trying to say is not entirely unclear: briefly, that Mr. Pound's adaptations from other literatures are better than his original work. The conclusion, however sincere, is not completely satisfactory. Doubts, rather serious doubts, remain to trouble those who have read Pound's excellent Mauberley poems. The muse of pedagogy is a strange creature and her vision is strained from overwork. The lady is conscientious but myopic. She sees one word, then another, but never more than one word at a time. In “Homage to Propertius” she notes that Pound's Americanism leaps out from a dull Roman background and that an entire page of poetry is transformed by the word “frigidaire.” Those of us who are interested in literature—and incidentally Ezra Pound—suddenly feel bored, cheated,

and slightly out of temper. We feel that we are entitled to something better than a long-winded recital of a process that should have taken place in the critic's mind before he sat down to a typewriter. The classroom windows close again and the reader's mind wanders: Is it snowing outside? Is the lake frozen? Perhaps it is better to grant that Pound is an important poet and then not read him at all.

In contrast to Mr. Blackmur's study we have Granville Hicks's review of American literature since the Civil War. Frankly enough the book is an interpretation, an experiment in Marxian analysis that is now certain to meet with more than a mere casual response. We grant its superiority over Upton Sinclair's "Mammonart," and skimming the pages, we find interest in its plot and its grasp of form. It is neither as verbose nor as awkward as Calverton's study which preceded it; the prospect is stimulating, for the mood of the book is of this hour, and one finds recognition in an expression of discontent with the existing order. The slender framework of historical commentary which binds the book together makes an attractive pattern. We are prepared to agree with Mr. Hicks, are prejudiced in his favor. Yet on page 8 the plan so clearly laid before us becomes incredible.

Melville's problem was real enough, but the terms in which he stated it were irrelevant. This explains in part why "Moby Dick," with all its virtues, is not comparable to the great metaphysical epics of the past, which have made room for all the principal varieties of experience in their eras.

First one wonders what metaphysical epics Mr. Hicks has in mind. Are they Milton's "Paradise Lost" or the "Divine Comedy"? Or in prose is it "Don Quixote"? None seems to fit the definition. Then one travels back to the word "irrelevant" and one begins to believe that Mr. Hicks is in a rush to get "Moby Dick" out of the way. Surely the instrument that Mr. Hicks employs should be made to function here, should be made flexible enough to reveal some aspect of "Moby Dick" that is relevant to the period in which it was written, to the half-century after the Civil War, to our own day. As in the case of Mr. Blackmur one becomes conscious of a steel-riveted formula at work which might well be a small machine the size of a pencil sharpener, to be used before the actual process of criticism is set in motion.

Conscious that Mr. Hicks is preparing an event, one apologizes for the first two chapters of his book. He has much ground to cover in the period preceding and during the Civil War. Then we come to an extended, reasonable, and often just appraisal of William Dean Howells. Until we remember the becalmed, flat surfaces of Howells's prose and recall his profound lack of dramatic instinct, we are half-convinced that Mr. Hicks has made a genuine discovery that merits the first full-length portrait in the book. Are we to believe that Howells's failure to understand the economic forces that aroused his interest is "the principal explanation of Howells's inability to make us feel he is a master"? May I suggest that Howells's failure to dramatize those forces effectively lies somewhat closer to the cause of his failure as a novelist? May I suggest that Dickens, who had perhaps less insight into those forces than Howells, had greater talents as a writer, and was therefore able to make us see and feel the terrifying poverty in the London of his day?

Meanwhile the same blunt instrument that shielded

Howells's dulness pursues Henry James's retreating figure across the Atlantic, then home for a brief visit, and at last hammers him into a grave on British soil. Appended to this is a nervous commentary on Emily Dickinson, concluding with this paragraph:

As Henry James somehow complements Howells, so that, as Emerson once said of Hawthorne and Alcott, the two of them might make one real man, so Emily Dickinson complements Walt Whitman, and the two of them, one feels, might make one poet. Where Whitman was merely expansive Emily Dickinson was intensive, but where she was narrow he was broad. And though she did what she set out to do more effectively than he, just as James wrought more finely than Howells, the future was not with her, nor with James, but with Howells and Whitman. As one weighs the faults and the merits on both sides, one sighs with Emerson, "So many promising youths and never a finished man!"

I would give my right hand to see that poet who is recreated from the head of Emily Dickinson and the clay feet of gray-bearded Whitman, and I would walk far to see the strange composite of James and Howells. I realize that this may seem unfair to Mr. Hicks, but we have only to translate his words into aesthetic terms and a curious hybrid wheels across the page. We are already fast in unbelief of Mr. Hicks's wholly tenable thesis, for I am sure that no Marxian should fear to state boldly his liking for Henry James, an admiration for Shakespeare, an appreciation for Poe—whose influence Mr. Hicks fails to mention. I would say the best is none too good for him.

Other critics, less sympathetic than I to Mr. Hicks's central thesis, have spoken of his short temper as he approaches contemporary literature, of his Indian dance over the deflated reputations of Cabell, Hergesheimer, and Thornton Wilder. Mr. Blackmur believes harsh things of Marxian analysis and using Mr. Hicks as his text says: "That is heresy within heresy; and it would be nothing but privation to follow him."

Even at this the quarrel is not so much a question of critical insight into literature as a disagreement over opposing dogmas. And Mr. Hicks is no less severe with Mr. Blackmur when he writes that his method "resembles the impassioned quibbling of devotees of some game." One can expect no quarter from either camp. I think it is clear that both objectives have already traveled far from literary relevance and that the instruments used by both men are blunted through prolonged abuse.

How, then, can we resolve their problem? Not by reconciliation, for the cleavage is clean, and it is better to have the ground for disagreement clear. I believe, however, that a real solution has always existed; and among the "few channels of communication with the outer world" there still remains the same set of values for critic and poet. If this is platitude I am willing to admit it, but conviction in writing is more than the discovery of a tenable thesis. If it is not, how can we account for the effectiveness of Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder? Mr. Gold's critical logic was bad, so bad that a schoolboy could discover its flaws. A schoolboy could discover that Mr. Gold, like many another who shares his convictions, had gone off the track and left literary criticism far behind. But he would see that Michael Gold had an ability not unlike that of his master, Charles

Dickens. He could project a memorable image of a social class and make us believe it existed; and in the case of Thornton Wilder, this is exactly what Mr. Gold did. He made him fit into a special kind of society. It was an act of creation, and we are not concerned here as to how Wilder managed to fall within Mr. Gold's design. The point is that Wilder was thrust into the picture that his creator saw and the image was not soon forgotten. Suddenly this young and popular novelist became another Steerforth, seductive, ridiculous, and a warning to other aspiring young novelists. In short, one of the properties of criticism is imagination, and using this property alone, Mr. Gold succeeded where others failed. He spoke as one writer to another and spoke eloquently and well. I think we will remember Mr. Gold's Wilder as long as "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" remains on our bookshelves. In reading T. S. Eliot's critical essays I am aware that his standards are by no means as consistent, as well-rounded as those in Mr. Blackmur's laboratory. But I am certain that his concern for religious verities in criticism has never overshadowed his position as a writer.

The absolute that Mr. Hicks and Mr. Blackmur seek has been removed by them into a far distance down a narrow road, and again remembering Santayana, "we need not wonder that we grope for light."

The Usable Past

IN Oscar Wilde's day it was still being said that America had no past. Two generations later Van Wyck Brooks was compelled to realize that we were at least two hundred years old, and he varied the complaint. What we lacked, he said, was a *usable* past, and with brilliant effect he set about to make one for us. Today the trouble seems to be that we have too many pasts and that the proponents of one will have nothing to do with the others.

The first of these pasts is the past so successfully exploited by Lewisohn, Mencken, and Carl Van Doren. In it we observe the American artist gradually freeing himself from the limitations of puritanism and winning in the process a richer life of both thought and feeling. The other—more recently discovered—is the past of Granville Hicks and V. F. Calverton. To them, of course, the villain is not the grim shadow of the Puritan but that coarser brute now generally known as the Spirit of Capitalism, and the meaning of our past is to be found not in the escape from conformity but in the gradual awakening of the social sense. Our progress was slow and uncertain because we were groping in the dark like pagans still ignorant of the Gospel, but Karl Marx was a new Hound of Heaven whom we could not forever elude. Though even today there are still some who flee him "down the nights and down the days," we wist not to evade as he to pursue, and with the relentlessness of the Savior he sings his fierce yet loving song, "All things betray thee who betrayest Me."

Obviously these two pasts are not to be entirely reconciled. The rebel hero of the one is almost Byronic in his individualism; the rebel hero of the other is only a rebel pro tem, and really, though unconsciously, eager to submit his will to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Yet the curious fact remains that Mr. Lewisohn and Mr. Hicks, for

example, choose much the same figures to serve as protagonists. Not only can the rise of realism be favorably interpreted in terms of either's thesis, but the two canons are so nearly identical that the list of the American classics remains much the same no matter who draws it up. William Dean Howells cannot hope for more than grudging praise and Emerson is a great man of his day no matter which past he belongs to. Nor can one well help observing that both schools have a good deal of explaining to do when it comes to fitting the unavoidable names into the prearranged pattern, or that some of our great writers lie very uncomfortably in either of the Procrustean beds into which the philosophical historians are compelled to fit them by the process of lopping off or stretching out.

Consider, for example, the case of Thoreau. He was, goodness knows, troublesome enough to the anti-puritans. Though he scorned the church and scorned respectability, there is no concealing the fact that in the crucial matter of sex he was benighted enough. Fortunately he was sufficiently squeamish not to say very much on the subject, but what he did say must seem highly unfortunate to those who would praise him as an apostle of liberty—since this rebel against all other accepted ideas was as prim as a New England spinster in his attitude toward "our baser nature." Yet it can hardly be denied that it is almost equally difficult to present as an apostle of communal living the man who retired to Walden Pond in order that he might be more completely alone. Mr. Hicks, to be sure, labors manfully over the difficulty. He says that the conditions of the time made it necessary that the tendency toward cooperation should manifest itself as extreme individualism, but even after inventing this splendid paradox he prefers to pass over in silence some of his hero's less explainable opinions, and we are left in the dark so far as other obscurities are concerned. We are not, as I remember, told how it can be that even a mere fore-runner of communism, even a man whose social sense was able to express itself as anti-social detachment, could have happened to say as he did: "I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad."

To one who confesses himself unashamedly skeptical and frankly eclectic it may possibly occur that neither the system of the anti-puritan nor the system of the Communist is more than a convenient fiction, and that a "usable past" is not something which is discovered but something which is created—chiefly for the purpose of enriching or serving the present. The historian, like the novelist, has certain data at his disposal, and it makes very little difference that the data of the one are supplied by observation and the data of the other by study. His task is to arrange them into a coherent, meaningful pattern, and the result is commonly judged in accordance with the answer we get to two questions: How completely does it convince and how agreeable does it seem to our prejudices and our desires? Moreover, it would be well to remember also that the faith which the historian inspires is not entirely different from that "poetic faith" which is recognized as appropriate to the poem or the novel. The best history, like the best fiction, is probably only very imperfectly true. It is only uncommonly convincing.

Until recently called in question, the past of the anti-puritan was the orthodox one. I happen to believe also that

it has the advantage of being less cut and dried, that it seems to encourage for the future a greater variety of attitudes and sensibilities. But of course tomorrow will have none of it if tomorrow turns out to be dominated by "proletarian" thought. The past we believe in is the past which justifies today, and the great writers will inevitably be popularly interpreted in the fashion which makes them seem most convincing as forerunners and prophets. The nineteenth century succeeded in making Shakespeare a Victorian, and the twentieth will have no difficulty in turning Thoreau into a Marxian *manqué*—if that is what it wants. History, as I am not the first to remark, is written by the survivors.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Books

Artful Autobiography

The Well of Days. By Ivan Bunin. Translated from the Russian by Gleb Struve and Hamish Miles. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

THIS is the first book by Bunin to be published in America since the award to him of the Nobel prize for literature. It appears also to be the opening volume in a series which under the guise of another name, Alexey Alexandrovich Arseniev, will be Bunin's autobiography. Add to this that Bunin is little known in America although he enjoys a certain fame as the author of "The Gentleman from San Francisco," that he is an exile from revolutionary Russia, and that he here attempts a literary form in which his countrymen have conspicuously excelled, and one has every reason to read him with unmitigated curiosity.

He is not half as interesting as he ought to be. Nobel to the contrary, he has a strange, an almost tantalizing lack of strength, though he writes, as they say, beautifully. He writes, that is, with everything needful to him save the power of moving and convincing; so that it begins to seem almost unfair, as one reads on through these pastel pages, to remember that autobiographies have been written in Russian by Tolstoy, Aksakov, and Gorki. Such names annihilate a man of whom the best one can say is that in the original he must possess a very fine style indeed—fine, and therefore untranslatable.

But there must be another reason than his exquisite prose for the failure of the present volume to do what might reasonably have been expected of it, and my guess is this. Bunin has been too conscious of the autobiography as a literary form. His mind, running in fact wholly to form, has invented all sorts of irrelevant and intrusive "beauties" which get in the way of our believing that this is the story of a specific Russian boy who grew up on a specific estate. He has drawn his life—or Alexey's—in delicate outlines, and those outlines are never burst through or obliterated by the pressure of some unconscious truth struggling to express itself. Suavely he makes his first sketch, smilingly he deliberates as to how he shall adorn it here and there, and imperturbably he goes on to shade it in with just the right details. The temptation then is to say that he has used too much art. But actually he has used too little. Art in an autobiographer consists in his seeming to forget all art; Bunin seems to remember nothing else. Certainly he has only the thinnest of minor tales to tell—of a sensitive boy who grew up wondering what the world was about and never, at least by the end of volume one when he is sixteen years old, finding out anything more than that he wants to be a poet, that revolutionary groups are full of shoddy and eccentric people, and

that a Grand Duke may have a small, pointed red beard which curls "firmly and beautifully."

Bunin makes it clear in his later pages that he was not the kind of young man who could stomach revolution. Nor need he have been; but he also makes it clear, without of course knowing it, how little energy there was in the artist who turned aside. There was not enough at any rate for him to be able to compose, decades later in Paris, an autobiography which would be anything better than a piece of nostalgic prettiness.

MARK VAN DOREN

Chesterton Introduces Aquinas

Saint Thomas Aquinas. By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed and Ward. \$2.

AT the beginning and repeatedly in the course of this short book, prepared "for those who have hardly even heard of St. Thomas Aquinas," Mr. Chesterton protests that so great a subject can scarcely be touched in such brief scope. Consequently, in good Chestertonian fashion, he writes a book which covers everything else as well as Aquinas: Saint Francis and Saint Dominic, Frederick II, Luther, Macaulay, Napoleon, Huxley, Shaw, Wells, and Dean Inge. Indeed, Mr. Chesterton's subject is rather more the present time than the thirteenth century, and yet it would be difficult to think of a source from which a reader who has little knowledge of medieval thought and no sympathy for it could learn to appreciate more quickly the significance of such major movements of that time as the reintroduction of the Aristotelian writings into Europe, the Averroistic controversy, the Manichean heresy. It is true that for all his awakened sympathy the reader would find on examination that he had little precise information from this book concerning the career or ideas of St. Thomas, but he would be wise none the less to approach more learned works through this introduction.

Though Mr. Chesterton protests he is no philosopher, theologian, or scholar, the scholars of the last fifty years who have revived learned interest in the thought of the Middle Ages have placed in his hands the materials for a philosophic and theological apology. The reader who has long heard that the Renaissance broke the bonds of the Middle Ages and discovered Freedom and Reason, Nature and Man, may now learn that the Renaissance is more rightly called a Relapse, that it was an abnegation of reason and common sense, that it was morbid and pessimistic, unscientific, impractical, and authority-ridden. He may learn further that "the great intellectual tradition that comes down to us from Pythagoras and Plato was never interrupted or lost through such trifles as the sack of Rome, the triumph of Attila, or all the barbarian invasions of the Dark Ages," although it was lost after the introduction of printing, the discovery of America, the founding of the Royal Society, and after the enlightenment of the Renaissance and the Modern World. It is even hard to tell whether the point of view is a new one, so good a case does Mr. Chesterton make for his contentions.

Among so many paradoxes, the book itself is the paradox of paradoxes, for the plea which it makes for the wisdom of Thomas is very modern. Mr. Chesterton points out that philosophies since the sixteenth century have started with paradoxes, trusting little to the arguments of reason or the testimony of common sense. He himself is full of devices by which to prepare the mind for the true philosophy, but his persuasion is by parable rather than by argument. Thomas Aquinas required but few pages to develop the specific philosophic arguments that have entered into Mr. Chesterton's 250 pages, and even St. Thomas's simplest arguments have been simplified. To draw

attention to the better method and problems of Thomas, Mr. Chesterton uses his modern method on modern problems. It is doubtless justification of his devices that his presentation of Aquinas is sharp and true, though pedantic objection could be raised concerning the accuracy of many of his details, when they are indicated clearly enough to be open to objection. Mr. Chesterton has found a field in which his paradoxes are truer and more effective introduction to a philosophy than are the sober accuracies of scholars.

RICHARD McKEON

For Thy Stomach's Sake

Wines: Their Selection, Care and Service. By Julian Street. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Wining and Dining with Rhyme and Reason. By D. T. Carlisle and Elizabeth Dunn. Minton, Balch and Company. \$1.50.

Bacchus Behave! The Lost Age of Polite Drinking. By Alma Whitaker. Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.

American Wines and How to Make Them. By Philip M. Wagner. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

Notes on a Cellar-Book. By George Saintsbury. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

A CERTAIN melancholy hangs about all these books, save only Mr. Saintsbury's. They are monuments to the fact that a generation has grown up in America which knows no wines save dago red and cider-pop champagne, and not much about them. Thus they must be very elementary. The authors of the first three, for example, explain politely that Rhine-wine bottles have long necks, that it is not sanitary to drink red Burgundy with fish, that wine does not go well with mustard or vinegar (say in hors d'oeuvres or a salad), that it is better not to smoke cigarettes between courses, and that Château Yquem is usually too sweet to be taken with baked beans. They add that it is a bad idea to shake a wine bottle before serving, and that, with an ample supply now assured, most connoisseurs prefer that their glasses be not filled to the brim.

This pedagogy is needed, and deserves applause. A few of the more enlightened dealers in wines seem to be trying to supplement it, but not many. The exchanges that go on in most of the new emporia between untutored customers and even less tutored attendants are really appalling. I was present lately in the great city of New York when one such attendant sold a woman a bottle of very dubious-looking Pontet-Canet as *Burgundy!* In another place I applied for a bottle of Tokay, and specified that it should be as nearly dry as possible. When I got it home it turned out to be as sweet as a sugar-teat. In Baltimore I actually encountered a female wine clerk who entertained the theory, as it appeared on cross-examination, that dry meant not-wet. Just how she visualized a wine that was not wet I do not know, but such was her notion.

Such professional incompetence, of course, is common in America. It is rare to discover a store whose staff knows the stock. There seems to be a general feeling among counter-jumpers that such knowledge is *infra dig.*, and that any patron who looks for it is anti-social. But in the retail wine trade it must be somehow developed, else the great majority of Americans will conclude that wine-bibbing is overrated, and only a vanity and agony. Such books as those under notice (aided, perhaps, by hints from the more civilized pastors and college professors) raise expectations which the trade, with a few brilliant exceptions, fails to meet. Let its heads look more to the noses and I. Q.'s of its shock troopers, and less to their salesmanship. What is needed is an ample supply of wine clerks who know wine by the actual taste, and have an informed and elegant passion for it.

Mr. Street's book is probably the most useful of the present lot. It goes into elemental details without being patronizing, and exudes a contagious delight in the sacrament of the grape. It describes the provenance and character of the world's salient wines, offers excellent hints on their storage and serving, and concludes with some good lay-outs of luncheons and dinners. Moreover, there is an ample index, which will be a great comfort to the student. The Whitaker and Carlisle-Dunn books are rather more sketchy, but both have merit. Miss Whitaker devotes relatively little space to wine: the rest of her discourse is of lesser beverages. She adds some shrewd advice to both guests and hosts, and pleads eloquently for an abandonment of the barbaric drinking customs which grew up under prohibition.

Mr. Wagner believes that the United States, in the course of time, should produce first-rate wines of its own, and in support of that belief he presents a great mass of erudite and unfamiliar evidence. We have, he shows, many native grapes that are full of pleasant possibilities, and in addition all the principal European stocks are being naturalized. He addresses himself principally, not to the professional vintner, but to the amateur. There is no reason why that amateur, if careful and intelligent, should not make potable wines. The process, though it has its delicacies, is at bottom quite simple, and the equipment needed is not expensive. There was a time when all the hillsides of the United States, at least between the thirty-fifth and forty-fifth parallels, promised to bloom with grapes, but unwise taxation and other legislative follies made them bare. Now, at last, there is some chance that they may blossom again.

Mr. Saintsbury's "Notes on a Cellar-Book" was first published in 1920, when the author was seventy-five. It is an amusing and mellow tome, and promises to outlast all the author's contributions to the science of literary criticism. The present reprint has a brief and unnecessary preface by Owen Wister. Poor Saintsbury, alas, is now an angel.

H. L. MENCKEN

A Monument to Paris

Passion's Pilgrims. By Jules Romains. Translated by Warren B. Wells. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

WITH this volume, containing Books III and IV of the French edition, the American translator finishes the first thousand pages or so of the monumental novel which Jules Romains is writing under the general title "Men of Good Will." In the four "books" now available in English the author has laid the foundations of a literary structure of whose eventual dimensions he tells us only that they will be "considerable." The subject of his work is "life in the twentieth century, our own life as modern men"; the whole will form "one single novel" with "no central character" and no link of relationship between most of the characters; the period is October, 1908, to the present, and we have thus far got only through the closing quarter of the year 1908.

If you have read the first volume of Mr. Knopf's sturdy edition, you have already met the characters who appear in (ugh!) "Passion's Pilgrims." You are acquainted with two families whose names bear the nobiliary particle "de": the Champcenais and the Saint-Papouls. You know that Jerphanion and Jallez are two students in that cradle of French intellectual eminence, the Ecole Normale Supérieure de Paris. (I shall forever curse the translator for calling these *Normaliens* "collegers": first, because to be a *Normalien* is really to be something; but also a little because "colleger" is English only when it designates one of the foundation scholars at Eton.)

You have followed the bookbinder, Quinette, on his tortuous path to murder and his more curious route into the service of the police. You have met Clanricard, Laulerque, and others at one of Sampeyre's Wednesday evenings of socialism. You have watched the forceful Haverkamp set up shop as real-estate broker. You have learned by what chance the boy Wazemmes was drawn into Haverkamp's employ and jerked into the arms of Rita, the Lady in the Bus. You have overheard Gurau, the honorable member of the Chamber of Deputies, explaining to his mistress, Germaine Baader, that he was about to launch an attack in the Chamber on the oil trust and that he was in touch with Sammécaud, one of its leaders and a partner of Monsieur de Champcenais; and you have listened while Sammécaud made a declaration of love to his partner's wife.

Well, the succeeding volume deals with pretty much these same people, probing yet deeper into their natures and recounting the progress they make and the disappointments they meet in their struggle toward the fulfilment of their desires. Childhood's Loves the translator calls the first half of this volume, and Eros in Paris the second. (Could one have a worse ear?) What a new view of love in France this instalment will give to American readers! Of seven newly met pairs of lovers, only one—the slimy Quinette and his whimpering cashier—lie together. Jallez and his refound Juliette, Jerphanion and his midinette, Sammécaud and Marie de Champcenais, Allory and his female novelist, the young pimp and little Isabelle Maillecottin, Riccoboni and Germaine Baader—none of these encounters has yet yielded a moment of ecstasy. And who will believe me when I say that there exist two French students of twenty-one years who are virgins; that Sammécaud, a great French business man, does not know how to go about persuading a lady; that Madame de Champcenais, a Parisienne and a *femme du monde*, stammers and blushes and is not to be had in the course of two separate rendezvous; and that Allory, a critic, a novelist, to outward seeming a man of the world, is mistrustful of his skill at courtship?

It seems right to say, even at this point in Romain's progress, that, considered apart from its merit as a work of art, considered merely as a book about the French, "Men of Good Will" is the most instructive composition that exists on the Frenchman of the Third Republic. It does not yet include such figures as that smug and petulant xenophobe, M. Abel Hermant of the French Academy; or that affable and vigorous I-know-all-about-your-non-French-world M. Pierre Mille (who would really be happier as an Englishman lording it over the empire); or of the pansy aesthetes who in 1908 were still ravished by Reynaldo Hahn's music and Madeleine Lemaire's rose-decorated furniture. I dare prophesy that these last will not figure even in future volumes, for they are not, I should say, of Romain's concern. But as a book about the French, if "Men of Good Will" is compared with, say, any of Gide's novels, any of Morand's stories, what I mean will immediately become clear. France is guided and governed by the middle classes and the instructed offspring of peasants, workers, and petty civil servants; and it is about these that Romain writes.

It seems to me especially from this point of view that the novel is passionately absorbing. It is true that Romain writes of individuals, writes of them from the inside—half this volume is filled with "interior monologue"—brings them to life with an immediacy of vision, sets them going with a promptness of self-impulsion truly astonishing. Not for one moment is the reader impelled to say, "She wouldn't have done that. . . . He wouldn't have thought that. . . . This would not have happened so." These men and women and children whom Romain has brought into being we believe in because they cannot be otherwise. At the same time what grips us is the *world* of those people, more than the people themselves. Each by each, the several intrigues,

whether of love or business, and granted the immense skill and vitality of the author, are not always a matter for surprise. Some new light they do cast upon the life of the individual (as always in a history of failure or of unhappiness, we "recognize" ourselves in the awkward blunderings through life of each of these characters, proving them all to have been detached by Romain from himself, and himself to be of our very stuff). But upon the life of Paris, the life even of a given moment in the history of European man, a most penetrating light is shed.

That this volume deals with love and with a rich variety of human nature, I have already said. But consider what else is here, all of it absorbingly related: the details of the affairs of a trust as well as of a small real-estate business; two clandestine meetings of Socialists to hear a report on socialism in France, Germany, and Italy; the internal life of a great school; the career of a parliamentarian; the domestic life of moderately well-to-do nobility; an evening at the celebrated literary cafe, the Closerie des Lilas; an admirable analysis of Baudelaire; a vicious portrait of a literary critic, painted against the background of his domestic existence; a smart (upper middle class) dinner party; a political rally with the prodigious Jaurès as speaker; an afternoon of a dog; and—such pages on the aspects, the variety, the bustle of the streets of Paris, the carters and *bistrots* and petty shopkeepers and in general the whole out-of-doors population of Paris, as never until now have been written.

How French, how Parisian, how *normalien* this book is! It is not only Jallez and Jerphanion who are *Normaliens*: Haverkamp, setting himself up in business, plans and reflects as an *archicube* might do, as any son of Descartes might do; the German Socialist, Michels, is dyed with the same stain; the little dog, Macaire, on his afternoon out, felt about the varied temptations of the smells of Paris that "they produced a kind of terror of an intellectual order," and he enjoyed most in his stroll "the element of moderation and regularity there was in the adventure." The very socialism of these Socialists is profoundly French in its exclusively political concern, its concentrated fear of war and total freedom from preoccupation with the economic man. Even the analysis of the moods, visions, and reflections induced by unassuaged physical desire, although conducted with exquisite tenderness and melancholy reminiscence, is marked by the specific Cartesianism of the French mental process. Indeed, American readers might for this same reason like less than they should the great lyrical episode of the book, the idyl of Jallez and Hélène, told retrospectively by Jallez to his friend Jerphanion and told mainly out of doors, in the spirited streets and brightly moist light of a Paris autumn, told in fragments on different occasions so that it runs like a gentle small wind of idealism through the city and the narrative, told with such heart-warming veracity and simplicity that it shines through even this excessively faithful translation.

In a novel of such consequence the translation demands more than ordinary scrutiny. Myself an old stager (retired), I know very well the pitfalls and difficulties of a job like this, and have every professional sympathy: the only "perfect" translations are completely free translations. Warre B. Wells has chosen deliberately to cleave to his text, even to the grammar and syntax, the turns of phrase, the very adjectives employed in the original. I happen to believe that even when one knows French intimately this is a mistake: to translate, for example, *rien de tout ça* by "nothing of all that," or *sonorité de cailloux* (meaning plangent) by "sonority of shingle," is simply to write not-English. To my mind the cardinal requisite of a translator is not that he shall know, say, French; if he possesses a broad general culture and can consult a friend or two, a smattering of French will suffice. What is most important is that

he take pleasure in writing English, and that a fusion of sensibility and judgment be present to warn him to drop his text when it gets in the way of his English. And if he will write by ear rather than by eye, so to say, he will find his sentences more fluent, his adjectives more fitting, his epithets—the bane of the translator—more forceful and colloquial than they would otherwise be.

The number of actual errors in the present translation is considerable but not unusual. There are a few slips of the pen, the most curious being the use of "Friday" for Thursday twice on page 434.

LEWIS GALANTIERE

Young Veteran of the Theater

At 33. By Eva Le Gallienne. Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.50.

FOR many good reasons Eva Le Gallienne has not chosen to follow the example of most actors and wait until the twilight years of her career before writing her autobiography. She has crowded a lifetime of accomplishment into the thirty-three years she covers in her memoirs. And with a vitality that has characterized both her living and her doing, this Little Corporal of the Civic Repertory Theater has set about the task of recording her experiences as a woman and an actress-manager in the fast-moving pages of "At 33."

It is an immensely readable narrative that Miss Le Gallienne has written. If one looks in vain through it for analyses of acting such as are scattered through Colley Cibber's "Apology," or for the flavorsome record of a period such as gave special value to Joseph Jefferson's "Autobiography" and Otis Skinner's "Footlights and Spotlights," or for such profound discussions of first principles as illumined Stanislavsky's "My Life in Art," it must be admitted at once that Miss Le Gallienne's chapters have their decided virtues. They are written with an unction that proves contagious. They are modest, humorous, and honest. They bespeak the cultivation of her mind, the bravery of her spirit, and succeed in capturing vividly the excitement of the long series of theatrical events in which she has played a part and the quality of the various people (Duse, Bernhardt, Constance Collier, Elsie Janis, and the rest) who have figured in her career.

Miss Le Gallienne was a child of three or four when she made her "first violent assertion" that the theater was to be her life. She had been taken to see "The Water Babies" at a matinee, and that night she tearfully announced to her mother that she wanted to be a water baby, that she must be a water baby, that she *would* be a water baby. As a girl living in Paris she saw Bernhardt in "Sleeping Beauty," and some years later was taken back to meet her after a performance of "Jeanne Dore." When Bernhardt bestowed a rouged kiss upon her, Miss Le Gallienne treasured it so greatly that for several days she refused to wash her face. At fifteen she borrowed a volume of Bernhardt's "Memoirs" and was so enthralled by it that she made a copy of each of its 800 pages in her own vigorous hand; a copy, incidentally, which Sarah one day saw and autographed.

It was while she was visiting the Favershams in England that Constance Collier gave her her first encouragement and told Mrs. Le Gallienne her daughter was old enough to act. She began as an extra in Miss Collier's production of "Monna Vanna," studied at Tree's Academy, made a hit as a cockney slavey in "The Laughter of the Fools," and next determined to try her luck in America.

The theater being what it is, this young Englishwoman found herself cast as a colored maid for her first appearance in New York, and was for a time refused a cockney role be-

cause an American manager thought her accent—which had delighted London—was "unconvincing." She appeared for a while with Elsie Janis and her gang; spent two seasons touring with Ethel Barrymore; made a hit in "Not So Long Ago"; achieved stardom in "Liliom" and "The Swan"; insisted upon giving special matinees in the middle of her long runs; acted in French with Madame Simone for a few performances; came under the spell of Duse's art and personality; lived to see the humorous aspects of her production, with Norman-Bel Geddes, of Mercedes de Acosta's "Jehanne d'Arc" in Paris; inaugurated her Ibsen matinees; and finally, in spite of the headshaking of all the Broadway wiseacres, launched upon her gallant adventure in Fourteenth Street.

It is a full, tireless, and valuable life that Miss Le Gallienne has led, and she has recorded it with a spirit worthy of her living. To few people of thirty-three has the theater owed as much. She has believed in it as more than a commercial gamble, sought to give it the importance in the community that is granted to the libraries and the museums, and has succeeded in making it the better by her leadership, her talents, and her energy.

JOHN MASON BROWN

The Failure of Victorianism

The Victorian Aftermath. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow and Company. \$3.50.

THE concluding volume of Esmé Wingfield-Stratford's Victorian trilogy can stand alone. Nevertheless, like the last movement of a symphony, it gains greatly in structural significance and artistic poignancy by being considered in relation to the whole. The preceding volumes, "Those Earnest Victorians" and "The Victorian Sunset," gave us the social and spiritual history of nineteenth-century England. In the third volume we have the aftermath of "a century of progress," appropriately so-called, for the Victorians had placed "progress" in the place of God, and for a time progress seemed justified of its worshipers. The four decades of the mid-century were, in the author's opinion, more fruitful than any similar period in history. England was actually better in 1870 than in 1830. Why is it that this date marks a turning-point away from the solid achievements, the arrogant self-belief, of the Victorian culture to a twilight period of *fin de siècle* uncertainty, to be followed in the twentieth century by the collapse, perhaps final, of Western civilization? For in these volumes England is the microcosm of the West, the classic country of capitalist development.

The author wishes to be judged as "a story-teller first, a philosopher afterwards. The moral should emerge from the tale." As a story-teller he is excellent. These volumes are "as good as a novel," to use a quaint current phrase. The story is not new to us; the old facts, the old faces emerge. Nevertheless, it brings a new excitement, a more intimate revelation, because of the honesty and skill, the pithy awareness of character, the sensitiveness to implicit drama, the sound integration of factual knowledge with social and personal values. The texture and tempo are adjusted with fugue-like flexibility to the varying content. Some of the chapters are magnificent pieces of writing. Such a one is Marcia Funebre which opens this volume, and Speeding Up, which leaves one in an appreciative state of neurotic exhaustion.

The approach to the Victorians is the very opposite of Stracheyan, for the author, while not blind to their faults, on the whole admires them. They were "earnest," priggish, moralistic, arrogant, lacking in taste and self-criticism, true. But in their earnestness were treasures of concentration, of vitality. They worked hard, they got things done. They believed in big

things. But they were confronted by changes so swift and shattering in their magnitude and their unforeseeable consequences that they could not change inwardly with sufficient rapidity to keep up with them. "Environment is the Sphinx," and the nineteenth-century Sphinx presented a new problem every decade, a problem to which it was impossible to know the answer.

The author is less interested in the events than in what happened to the minds and souls of the people who in a comparatively short time witnessed these changes of unprecedented complexity, saw everything change around them—their houses, furniture, clothes, transportation, lighting, their social and economic life—their intellectual moorings swept away, all their traditions challenged. Even their immemorial God was changing into something whose very essence was perpetual change, and all these changes took place with a frightful, nerve-shattering acceleration of tempo. After the first chaos produced by the Industrial Revolution, the "hungry forties," came the opulent fifties and sixties. Everything seemed to be going so splendidly; prosperity seemed to be the law of life. A romantic and generous liberalism represented the general climate of opinion—free trade, democratic ideals of freedom, a belief in perfectibility to be brought about by the "good fairy," science and social legislation. But already there was something else too; Carlyle's fascist views and gospel of work for work's sake showed an unconscious despair of anything worth working for. The empire expanded. At first it seemed a romantic dream, which the old Merlin Disraeli had dreamed and realized. Then it became the white man's burden. Then the white men of different nations tried to grab the burden away from one another. Egotism and fear in a civilization whose dominant conditions were an abnormal monotony of work, an abnormal counter-irritant of noise, jazz, and speed, standardization of thought and feeling through the mass suggestion of the press, the cinema, and other advertising agencies manufacturing artificial hatreds, created a world neurosis in which the natural stupidity of mankind rose to fantastic heights. That "the Devil is an ass" is the author's firm belief, for greed and its concomitant fear, on a national scale, have always spelled ultimate disaster for all concerned. After the Franco-Prussian War the fear began to dominate everything else, and a bitter nationalism took the place of the hopeful, even socialistic liberalism which had a brief renaissance in the eighties. Bismarck and not John Bright was to call the tune; or rather Bismarck's epigone successors, who had his ruthlessness without his genius.

This series might be described as the biography of a period. The historic conditions are always implicit and quite sufficiently explicit, but what we get preeminently is the mysterious pathos, puerility, and utter dumbness of individual reactions in the midst of social problems imperfectly understood, though these reactions have of course a different significance in the reader's perspective. In the face of the modern world humanity seems very much like the enthusiastic and bewildered hero of Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme" at the battle of Waterloo.

The story is brilliantly told. But what of the philosophy? It consists simply in this. Individualism is dead, but we still think and feel individually, and give lip service to a purely personal morality which we do not bother to live up to. The organism that cannot adapt itself to new conditions must die. Man's conquest of nature has ended in the disruption of a whole social system. A new orientation is needed, spiritual and mental. Can it be achieved? At the end all the questions of the Sphinx merge into one great question, which readers will answer for themselves according to their social creeds. Is there enough intelligence, flexibility, and stamina left for this tremendous task in the creature who has bestowed upon himself the proud title *Homo sapiens*?

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

The Permanence of Herbs

A Modern Herbal. By Mrs. M. Grieve. With an Introduction by the Editor, Mrs. C. F. Leyel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes. \$10.

Culinary Herbs and Condiments. By M. Grieve. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.

THE first English herbal is a Saxon manuscript, the Leech Book of Bald, dating from the tenth century. And when it was written, its lore of herbs was already deep buried in the mists of antiquity. Already marigolds, sunflowers, peonies, violets, and gilly-flowers were common plants in cottage gardens. Already betony, vervain, yarrow, mugwort, and waybread (plantain) were used for their healing properties, and had been so used for more centuries than any historian has yet discovered.

Mrs. Grieve's is certainly the best modern attempt to assemble the ancient lore of herbs. In her noble two-volume list of herbs, their cultivation, history, and properties, with delicate and accurate illustrations, she has provided all that a modern herbalist could ask and much more than the ordinary gardener could use concerning common garden plants. Both as an encyclopedia and as a rich and fascinating account of folk belief and custom, her book will not be excelled for many years. To the scholarly gardener it is indispensable. To the mere reader who cannot boast a garden of his own it will be a source of wonder and delight.

From her own large herb garden and her larger knowledge of the subject Mrs. Grieve has collected the information for her later little book on culinary herbs. Parsley, dill, fennel, anise, caraway, mint, horehound, marjoram, rosemary, sage are here, their appearance, cultivation, and use. Here are facts which are always interesting and may be useful: six pounds of caraway seed make four ounces of the oil used as an ingredient of alcoholic liquors; 400 to 500 pounds of fresh hyssop are required to make a pound of oil; mint, in the fourteenth century, was used for whitening the teeth; imitation absinthe is made from parsley; thyme was used by the Romans to flavor cheese. Here is folklore: by an old superstition, marigolds raised the spirits and cheered the heart; mint drives away mice; a bouquet of rue was placed on the bench of the dock in front of the judge to protect him from the pestilential infection brought from jail into court by the prisoners; "He that would live for aye must eat sage in May"; in Scotland today a dish of caraway seeds is put on the table to dip buttered bread in, and is called "salt-water jelly." Here, finally, is a store of practical uses for these herbs that have for so long been part of our English heritage. Recipes for dill pickles, fennel sauce, mint vinegar, sage tea; directions for making herb wines: balm, coltsfoot, cowslip, dandelion, parsnip; for peppermint cordial, camomile tea, hop bitters, burdock ale, horehound beer; the uses of mustard, pepper, vinegar, and salt. In short, a book to edify, comfort, and cheer. No part-time gardener can read it in winter without severe nostalgic pains which not one herb, but only the care of a dozen, can cure.

Mandrake or mandragora "was fabled to grow under the gallows of murderers, and it was believed to be death to dig up the root, which was said to utter a shriek and terrible groans on being dug up, which none might hear and live. It was held, therefore, that he who would take up a plant or mandrake should tie a dog to it for that purpose, who drawing it out would certainly perish, as the man would have done had he attempted to dig it up in the ordinary manner." For persons for whom information like the above provides an irresistible fascination, I cannot too highly recommend Mrs. Grieve's books.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Lucifer Deposed

Art Young's Inferno. A Journey Through Hell Six Hundred Years After Dante. Drawings and Text by Art Young. Delphic Studios. \$5.

ON page 99 of "Art Young's Inferno" is a drawing captioned: "If Dante could see it now!" and the Hell he is looking into looks very much like a modern city on earth. Hades, it seems, has been fraught with change by the "capitalist conquest." Dear old Charon himself, who in the old days could call distinguished sinners by their first names, is out of a job, and in his place is Charon II, snappy young captain of the Styx Navigation Company's handsomely equipped, triple-screw, de luxe passenger ship. With a pang of nostalgia we see Charon's old boat now a museum piece.

Art Young, visiting Hell now for the third time since 1892, reports that the idyllic purgatory of Dante and Doré is no more; instead Hades is rocked by the stretching and heaving of the asbestos dollar. Hell, like the rest of the world, is being Americanized. Even the sign over the main entrance which once read, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" has been rotarianized to, "You are now entering Hell. Welcome!"

Majestic Lucifer, Prince of Evil and Rebel of Heaven, has been deposed by a scurvy crew of "Big-Business Organizers and Bankers," men of that "most enterprising, ruthless, and super-acquisitive clan" who conspired to bring Hell up to date. I swear by this book, through the astonished eyes of the beloved Art Young Hell-up-to-date is exceedingly hellish. All the former big, bad wolves of capitalism are living there in gluttonous luxury, and regimentation, system, organization, and efficiency multiply beyond all endurance the tortures of the damned. In a grotto devoted to everlasting sighs, we add our sigh for the good old days when a lost soul could lie down on a grill and sizzle in peace.

Turning the pages, I find the drawings I like best are the ones in which Art has drawn himself, pencil and paper in hand, looking on at the demoniac surge as it beats past him, a naive spirit apart. For so he has been here on earth among us, looking open-eyed, wondering, and puzzled at the complexities, the inconsistencies, the injustices of our mad modern world. Holding fast all through his life to the simple vision of a child, he has questioned our acceptances, compromises, evasions; he has chided our loss of faith in the pristine virtues.

There is not one of us who does not get pretty well jangled and tangled in the contemporary mazes, and we love Art for straightening us out again. His homely humor clears the vapors from our minds. His simplicity gets to the quick of things, as when the United States attorney, trying to fasten sedition on him, asked: "Now, Mr. Young, you have told us a good deal about your beliefs in revolution, and that you believe the American Revolution was justified, but Mr. Young, do you believe in the theory of the class struggle?"

Art looked at him blankly, according to Charles Recht, who reports this incident in the Introduction, and then asked very innocently: "Mr. Barnes, do you believe in measles? [*Sotto voce*] You don't have to believe in measles if you've got them."

In the span of a lifetime Art Young has seen horse-and-buggy virtues and vices streamlined and speeded up to 250 miles per hour, he has witnessed the building of the devil machines and the unleashing of unholy energies more potent than were ever dreamed of by demons or angels. Super-powered, the world careens ahead faster and faster. If we are to believe Art Young's satire, the faster the funnier. Scarcity in an age of scarcity was only tragic, but scarcity in an age of plenty is just plain funny—the plentier the funnier. As funny as Hoover

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in the White House looking for prosperity around the corner, finally laughed out of office. The chorus of laughter grows as the machines multiply. I like to think that Art Young, who has contributed so many laughs to our souls in torment, will yet live to hear the great belly-laugh of America shaking off its bedevilment.

EGMONT ARENS

Men and Machines

A Modern Tragedy. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IN her new novel Phyllis Bentley joins the professors in an attempt to analyze the failure of the present economic system. Looking at the system, she is struck, perhaps naively, by the fact that it has linked the lives of men more closely than they have ever been linked before. Our industrial society is simply a machine of men; if one cog slips, the machine may fall silent. Thereby each individual gains a terrible importance; his slight errors, his moments of weakness, can be enough to wreck the system. In "A Modern Tragedy" Miss Bentley considers the errors and weaknesses which ruined the textile industry in the town of Hudley, Yorkshire. She is convinced that the greater part of human error springs from fear; until men cast out fear, no system can function. Consequently, she provides each member of her cast of characters with a fear of his own.

The most timorous of all is young Walter Haigh, the son of a traveler for Messrs. Lumb, dyers and finishers. Ridden by a feeling of social inferiority, he enters, half innocently, upon a crooked business deal in order to advance himself in society. Though he goes rapidly to the bad, and shows it in conventional fashion by neglecting his dying father, yet he gains a small worldly success, reaching the peak of his achievement with his marriage to a rich young neurotic. But his partner, the villainous Tasker, business rival of the Lumbs, has in the meantime involved the frightened young man in a gigantic swindle. The discovery of the swindle precipitates tragedy: the mill town's industry is paralyzed, a wealthy and honorable spinner commits suicide, and Walter and Tasker are sent to prison.

Miss Bentley's idea is interesting enough, but her presentation of it is too neatly arranged. Her characters fit all too well into their little pigeonholes. Walter is forever well-meaning but weak; Elaine, his wife, forever unsure of herself; and Tasker forever sinister, except in a last-minute courtroom repentance. Miss Bentley has very little knack for individualizing her people; in describing their emotional reactions she is fond of blanket words like "ecstasy" and "pain" and "delirium." Worst of all, her use of coincidence reminds one of Hardy's lesser novels, where it is played upon to the point of absurdity. Here, a fortuitous illness, a power of attorney, and some very apropos bonds start Walter on his questionable career. Indeed, Miss Bentley allows herself to inherit the worst of Hardy—not only "contrived" situations, but style as well. Her writing is ponderous and Victorian, full of exact and meaningless descriptive passages. Occasionally one feels in her an emotional power strong enough to push through the style, as in her account of a striking mill worker's period of unemployment. But in general her story of the life of the town of Hudley is so muffled in its wrapping of words that it seems to have no relation to the modern world. Miss Bentley made an ironical mistake in calling her book "A Modern Tragedy."

MARY MCCARTHY

A review by John Strachey of Ralph Fox's "Lenin" which was announced for this week has been unavoidably delayed. It will appear in an early issue.

Shorter Notices

Jack Robinson. By George Beaton. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Clues to this ingenious first novel lie not only in the meaning of the quotation from "Saison en Enfer" given on the title-page, but also in the fact that a child lives in two worlds, that both of these are real, and that more often than not the two are one and cannot be separated—a fact which Hollywood in its recent production of "Alice" so painfully forgot, but which George Beaton in what he calls a picaresque novel well recognizes. Jack, who tells his own story, runs away from home at fourteen and his lot throws him among panhandlers, prostitutes, and fanatics in the byways, in the ports, and in the slums of England. He is gone ten years, so he says, yet when he returns his mother is just as she had been and is wondering what has become of his new tweed suit. Most of the book is an arresting rogue's tale with sufficient hints of fantasy and allegory mixed with the truth to give it an uncommon originality. What George Beaton has not learned from Rimbaud is that a valid symbol, even in prose, even in such experiences as Jack has with Lily the prostitute, needs no comment, and if properly done demonstrates its own significance and calls for no further exposition. George Beaton writes well enough to make it sufficiently apparent that Jack is passing through adolescence, "now supernaturally grave, more foot-loose and fancy free than the best tramps," now concerned with faith, or social problems, or love, or despair, and that he completes his metamorphosis under his mother's dull, unseeing eye. His book would, however, have been a better one without the interpolations; yet it is as it stands good enough to create anticipation for the author's second.

Beethoven as He Lived. By Richard Specht. Translated by Alfred Kalisch. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. \$3.

This book comes to us from Vienna, highly recommended, the publisher's jacket says, by Thomas Mann and others. It is a little difficult to see why. It admittedly adds little or nothing to what is already known about Beethoven. Its intention as stated by the author in his preface is "to breathe life into the Beethoven of plaster, or if you wish of marble, and make him a living figure." But surely this is an unnecessary service. Thayer's monumental work, Sullivan's penetrating and sympathetic commentary, Ernest Newman's provocative psychological study, to mention only three works in this field, have given us a Beethoven that is very far from being a figure of plaster or marble. "It is the figure not the work," Professor Specht further declares, which engages his attention, and his book is addressed not to the expert but to the common man. Perhaps no biographer ever set before himself such insurmountable obstacles or so completely failed to surmount them. The attempt to consider the figure of any great creative artist apart from his work is inevitably an unprofitable one and of none is this truer than of Beethoven, who was so completely obsessed by and lost in his work. By far the best passages in the book are those in which the author, a scholarly and discerning music critic, departs from his announced intention and writes, however incidentally, of Beethoven's music. The other half of his intention to make Beethoven's figure comprehensible to the common man, he seeks to achieve by an insistent rehashing of all the grotesque details of Beethoven's personal eccentricities—his uncertain temper, his absent-mindedness, his disorder, even his spitting and his neglected personal appearance. Those details have their place in any authentic and well-rounded portrait, but in Professor Specht's undisciplined use of them they overload the great figure of his subject so that the real majesty of its outline is in danger of being lost, in spite of all his gran-

diloquent phrases about it. To derive any real understanding of Beethoven from "the call to greatness which this book is meant to voice" the common man must be endowed with rather uncommon qualities of discernment and patience. In seeking to breathe life into the "plaster figure" Professor Specht has succeeded only in making it into something very like an animated cartoon.

Men Against the Sea. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

The authors, who will be remembered for their previous book on the H. M. S. Bounty mutiny of 1789, speak with the ring of documentary truth as they get the present venture under way: "Never . . . has a captain performed a feat more remarkable than Mr. Bligh's in navigating a small, open, and unarmed boat [a twenty-three-foot launch, carrying eighteen men] a distance of 3,600 miles, through groups of islands inhabited by ferocious savages, and across a vast uncharted ocean." Their groundwork of fact comprises Bligh's actual journal of those incredible forty-seven days, a knowledge of the region covered, and (the whole matter having been very thoroughly canvassed by the Admiralty) a near acquaintance with the men involved. But fact here, whatever its striking nature, is a mere spring-board, for the book easily qualifies as a novel, even a fine one. It has a compactness that was lacking in "Mutiny on the Bounty," and a manner of telling which may speak for itself:

Drenched, half-drowned, gasping for breath . . . we bailed with the desperation of men who feel the water gaining upon them even as they bail; who feel it cover their feet and rise slowly toward their knees. And it was not sea water that we threw over the side. It was the pure sweet water of clouds . . . and we hurled it from us with bailing scoops, cocoanut shells, the copper pot, with our hats, with our cupped hands, lest this precious fluid which Captain Bligh had, rightly, doled out to us a quarter of a pint at a time, should be our death.

Wedding Song. By David Burnham. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

The novel of intrigue is back—in a modern version of course, stripped like a functional façade of all ornament, and showing, like architecture, the smooth, hard, anonymous effect of the machine age. Left over from another day are the revengeful son, the heartless dowager, the wronged wife, the maiden all forlorn, and the moral. Part and parcel of the thirties are the international parasites of the Lido-Venice, the gigolo, the victor not by the sword but by the stock market, and the I-can-be-nastier-harder-and-more-calculating-than-thou attitude called sophistication. Unlike his first novel, in which Mr. Burnham showed his schooling by following Mr. Hemingway's precepts mildly and innocuously, this book derives from many masters, and as in so many derivations the masters' art is lost and the technique becomes just so many tricks. There is, for instance, conversation by ellipsis and plot by inference and imitation stream-of-consciousness exposition, all competently done, exciting, and artificial. Yet it is a book to be read by anyone who wishes to see how well a new mode becomes an old face and to note a similarity now closer to Dashiell Hammett than to Hemingway.

Swinburne's Literary Career and Fame. By Clyde K. Hyder. Duke University Press. \$3.50.

One of the most interesting methods of studying cultural changes is to trace in full and careful detail the reputation of some single author. In many respects Swinburne offers the fullest opportunity for such a study. The reactions to his early work were violent, and there have been many sharp reversals of opinion since he was first judged. Further, he was very conscious of what his poetry signified; he was at war with a

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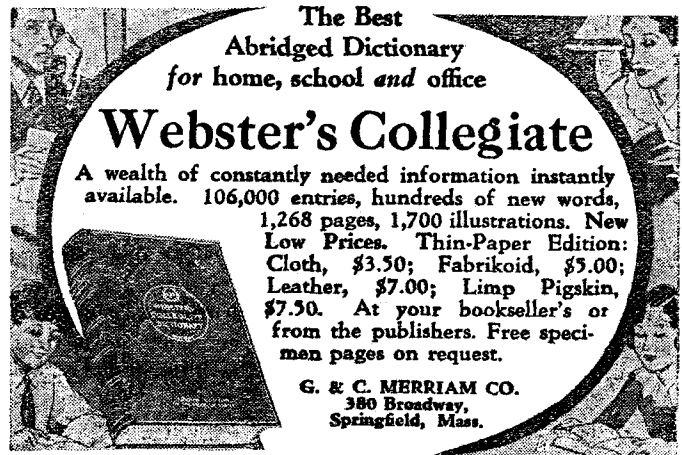
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large and important body of English opinion, and his violent journalism in defense of himself and of his views helped to call forth a flood of denunciation, invective, and parody. He stood as a symbol of liberation to many and as a symbol of anarchy and vice to others. And now, it would seem, when he has little enough to say to most people, it is the delight of the academic critics to defend him. Professor Hyder has done a most thorough job of tracing Swinburne's fame; his notes and bibliography are monuments to his industry and erudition. He has, however, drawn almost no conclusions of general interest; his book reads like an excellent *catalogue raisonnée*. As such, it contains little for the general reader, but it is useful for the student who wants a cross-cutting of nineteenth-century critical opinion and methods.

Art

Impurity in the Modern Museum

IT is hard to tell whether or not Lee Simonson means to be funny in prefacing the catalogue of the exhibition of theater art now at the Museum of Modern Art in New York with the statement that now that "art has been successfully divorced from use, beauty from subject matter, and the aesthetic emotion disentangled from the extraneous emotions that once created heroes, heavens, and hells," the public had better be warned that stage designing has usually been done by people "content to be necessary craftsmen, who rarely needed as an incentive the conviction that they were producing a work of art or contributing to the development of art history."

There are two kinds of artists, he continues, "art-artists"—quoting ex-Mayor Hylan—and plain ordinary working artists. The first produce pure, the second impure art, the taint consisting in usefulness, subject interesting in itself, the effort to decry, convince, or arouse, or any other stowaway in the berth of pure aesthetic exercise and contemplation. "Designs for the theater," he concludes, "are impure art, now known derogatively in aesthetic circles as applied or decorative art, and are produced by much the same process which today gives us buildings or bridges that also express the taste, the temper, and the culture of an epoch."

This mock-apology for filling the four floors of the Modern Museum with sketches for stage sets and costumes is unnecessary and confusing. Simonson knows well enough that there is not enough difference between the psychology of the "art artist" and the "craft-artist" to make half a point in his argument, carried on by a process of subtle clowning, that stage designers are artists too. Picasso, after all, is not responsible for the esoteric nonsense of dilettante connoisseurs, nor can Matisse be made to answer for the titillated patroness who exclaimed (this writer heard her), "Ah, Master, you have done what no other man has achieved before. . . . This is *floating art*!"

It seems to this writer that the point to be made, which Simonson mentions casually, is that designs for stage sets and costumes are not usually *finished* works of art. Designers, he says, "were quite unconcerned as to whether or not the original sketch was worth preserving. Indeed, designs for stage settings were as unimportant to the public which created a demand for them as were the architects' plans for the cathedrals in which the same publics worshiped, or as the shipwrights' models for the galleons that opened new horizons and brought back gold from the Indies." And admitting the historical, documentary, and aesthetic interest that such sketches may eventually have, why get so peevish about the public's obliviousness to the tech-

nical preparations for a theatrical spectacle? The artists themselves don't worry much. Picasso told Simonson that he "couldn't be bothered to look for the designs of 'Le Tricorne.'" Derain refused categorically to send any of his ballet designs. They were too unimportant. "And," adds Simonson, "as an art-artist he could be certain they were not art." Well, supposing Joyce were asked to publish his outlines and notes for "Ulysses"?

The show, which includes designs from most of the Western world from the sixteenth century up to the present, is confusing, too, and also fatiguing. The sketches are arranged partly chronologically, partly as works of art following a stylistic development, and partly as instructive contrasts in the handling of the same play. The general public does not get a very clear notion of the history of stage art or a comprehension of the problems involved, and tends to concentrate interest on odd items which either because of date or heightened fantasy seem to stand forth as "curiosa." After a while this writer began to get the feeling that the sketches were almost all alike, and wondered whether they had been chosen to demonstrate some sort of fundamental aesthetic continuity. But theater people are probably spending many absorbed hours with them; while the willing but unlearned are like the Indian drummer who was taken to Carnegie Hall to hear a concert of Bach, Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, and Ravel, and then said, "Very nice, but why do they always play the same piece?"

The Soviet exhibit, which was very much delayed but will probably be on view by the time this is in print, may break the apparent monotony and lighten the gloom which seems to have prevailed in all the theaters of the Western world from the beginning of the modern period. It makes its appearance when the theater ceases to be a thing of and for the aristocracy. The stage abandons marble halls and enchanted gardens, and settings cease to enhance, emphasize, enlarge, and flatter the actor and instead emphasize the smallness, weakness, and overwhelming defenselessness of the human being with whom the "everyman" audience identifies itself. In the very modern designers this mood is a kind of Rockwell Kentian implication of man prostrate in chaos, wandering in vast deserted spaces, and straining to fly into lurid nothingness. Most American designers seem committed to this outlook, except a few of the revolutionary propagandists—Gorelik, Mielziner, Karson—who are tucked away in a small room on the fourth floor. Is propaganda the wrong kind of impurity?

ANITA BRENNER

Drama

No Miracle

THE JOYOUS SEASON," Philip Barry's new play at the Belasco Theater, is not a particularly joyous event.

Preliminary announcements implied that it would reveal a new enthusiasm for the Catholic church on the part of the author, and there was even a suggestion that if taken in conjunction with "Days Without End" it might be considered as evidence of a religious renaissance. Unfortunately, however, that renaissance will now have to wait. Mr. O'Neill's play at least made the heathen rage and may conceivably embody merits not evident to the unbeliever, but "The Joyous Season" can hardly seem better than milk and water to even the most enthusiastic Christian. The cheerful nun who flutters in and then flutters out is a pleasant person, but she is neither sufficient to carry a play nor sufficient to constitute a very telling argument in favor of any church. As drama the piece is not only thin but—to borrow Mr. Coward's word—positively emaciated;

as an apology for religion it says the little it has to say with such deprecatory moderation that the whole boils down to no more than the simple statement that faith is not incompatible with cheerfulness and that holiness may possibly be amiable. Arthur Hopkins's direction is sensitive, as it always is, but he so completely catches the spirit of Mr. Barry's pianissimo that everything has become, both literally and figuratively, almost inaudible.

The moral to be drawn from comparing this play with O'Neill's most recent effort is a moral which, I believe, the church itself would not find wholly unacceptable—namely, that spiritual stature is the important thing, and that there is more to be hoped for from a great sinner than from a man who has been too comfortably content with small things. Mr. O'Neill wandered far. He worshiped strange gods and he uttered great blasphemies. Mr. Barry, on the other hand, never said, and probably never thought, anything very highly reprehensible. Most of his previous plays have been a trifle worldly, but so far as I can remember he has never been led into opinions which would indicate any profound rebellion against the teachings of his church, and his sin, if any, was the sin of lightness. He liked smart people and he liked smart sayings. Unholy passions were less dangerous to him than the seduction of an epigram, and hence, though he was usually moral, he was invariably chic, leaving sometimes the impression that he would rather be wrong than unfashionable. Now that he wishes to pay his respects to religion he has no burden to throw down, no sins to hate, and, accordingly, no passionate experience to recount. The result is not what O'Neill called "a modern morality play" but only a sort of pious comedy of manners from which the wit, as possibly unbecoming the subject, has been almost entirely omitted.

One unkind critic compared "The Joyous Season" to "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In some respects that is unjust because Mr. Barry is certainly not as maudlin as Charles Rann Kennedy. It is also, in a way, gross flattery for the simple reason that "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was proved by its popularity more effective in its shoddy fashion than Mr. Barry's play is ever likely to be. Nevertheless, the idea behind each is much the same. A spiritual force—here embodied as a shrewd and charming nun—appears unexpectedly in a group of worldly people, and by its mere presence solves the problem of each individual. In this case, however, the author is neither willing to present the situation with bald simplicity nor able to make it psychologically convincing, and the drama merely meanders along until the last few moments, when the audience suddenly realizes that everybody has been transformed without understanding very clearly either the why or the wherefore. Perhaps largely because of a very able performance by Lillian Gish, the nun stands out as a real and rather vivid person blessed with a cheerful faith and quite capable of using a

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DAYS WITHOUT END. Henry Miller's Theater. O'Neill's latest and much discussed play which may or may not prove that he is ready for conversion to the Catholic Church. Splendidly produced and acted, but not likely to seem very significant to those not religiously inclined.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

THE FIRST APPLE. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Irene Purcell contributes much charm to a fragile but amusing comedy about—first apples.

THE GREEN BAY TREE. Cort Theater. Absorbing psychological drama about a young man who cannot give up luxury for love. Shares with "Men in White" the first place on the list of dramas.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

worldly wisdom in the interest of unworldly ends, but the other members of the cast—which includes such able performers as Moffat Johnston, Jane Wyatt, and Eric Dressler—are condemned to remain very dim personages indeed. Once or twice Mr. Barry attempts a pious epigram, as when a young woman complains that she has probably expected too much of marriage, and the nun replies, "Oh, I don't think that is probable. It is hardly possible to expect enough." On such occasions there is suggested a kind of Chestertonian apology for the religious attitude which might form the basis of an interesting play, but most of the time Mr. Barry seems almost afraid to say what he has in mind. Possibly he is not yet quite ready to run the risk of appearing unsophisticated in the eyes of his smart admirers, and virtue seems to embarrass him a bit. What he needs, then, is either less faith or more. Doubtless piety can be cheerful and he might finally succeed in making it seem chic, but those who put themselves on the side of the angels cannot afford to lack confidence. Really Christian apology is never apologetic.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The musical comedy "All the King's Horses" (Shubert Theater) has a promising plot about a popular movie hero who changed places with his double, an unpopular king of a mythological land. Unfortunately, however, the plot drags, and the result is merely a rather routine affair despite the pleasing presence of Nancy McCord and Betty Starbuck. "American, Very Early" (Vanderbilt Theater) is, as the title reveals, a play about what the Elizabethans would have called the "humors" of the antique racket as practiced by two urban innocents who remodel that lovely old farmhouse in Connecticut. It never reaches any very high degree of hilarity.

P. M.

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY is professor of economics at Wellesley College.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL is a New York architect who has long been interested in housing problems.

JOHN GUNTHER is the Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*.

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*.

JOHN ROTHSCHILD, director of the Open Road, is a professional authority on educational travel in Europe and Russia.

WILLIAM TROY is a member of the English department of Washington Square College, New York University.

EDA LOU WALTON is the author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems."

HORACE GREGORY is the author of "Pilgrim of the Apocalypse: A Critical Study of D. H. Lawrence," and of several volumes of poetry.

MARK VAN DOREN is the editor of "Autobiography of America" and the author of "Jonathan Gentry."

RICHARD McKEON is the editor and translator of "Selections from Medieval Philosophers."

H. L. MENCKEN is well known as author and editor.

LEWIS GALANTIERE is the author of "France Is Full of Frenchmen."

JOHN MASON BROWN is the dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN is the author of "Samuel Butler."

MARY MCCARTHY contributes reviews to various periodicals.

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